

THE  
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

FEBRUARY, 1859.

HON. JOHN M'LEAN, LL. D.,  
ONE OF THE JUDGES OF THE SUPREME COURT OF  
THE UNITED STATES.

BY REV. JOHN F. WRIGHT.

THE subject of this sketch, whose admirable likeness embellishes the present number of the Ladies' Repository, has deservedly obtained a wide-spread, substantial, and truly-estimable reputation in the world. It is one of the brightest glories of our republican government and free institutions, that they furnish protection and encouragement to young men of talents, industry, and perseverance, holding out to their aspiring minds the strong incentives to many civil distinctions, and the most desirable of earthly emoluments—the gifts of a free people. Under the influence of such motives, together with an ardent desire to be useful to his fellow-beings, the distinguished subject of our notice started from the humbler walks of life, and by his own strength of intellect, indomitable perseverance and efforts, has won his way from obscurity to the most elevated positions in society, and to the highest official dignity. In this example we have another clear demonstration of the ease with which virtue, energy, and application can overcome all the disadvantages of poverty.

John M'Lean was born March 11, 1785, in Morris county, New Jersey. When he was about four years of age his father removed to the western country. He remained a year at Morgantown, Virginia, and then removed farther west, and resided seven years in that part of Virginia which was soon after erected into the state of Kentucky. In 1797 he removed to the Northwestern territory, and settled in the southern part of what is now the state of Ohio. Here this venerable man long lived, and here in a good old age he died.

At a very early age John was sent to school, and for one whose opportunities were so limited

he made very great proficiency. His father being blessed with many children, could not send him from home to be educated, and he was employed in the labors of the farm till he attained his sixteenth year. At this age, with the hearty concurrence of his parents, John determined to leave home, and place himself under the instruction of teachers who were competent to impart to him a knowledge of the languages and other branches of an academical course. Under the direction and aid of those teachers he made rapid advances in the acquisition of a thorough education. He generously declined all assistance from his father, and determined to rely upon his own resources to sustain him in his favorite pursuit of knowledge. While under the instruction of Mr. Stubbs he taught school one quarter, and cleared a piece of land for a farmer, to raise funds to meet his expenses for tuition and board. This honorable course on the part of the youth clearly indicated the certainty of his success, while blessed with life and health, and furnished assurances to his friends of his future greatness.

When about eighteen years of age he engaged to write in the office of the Clerk of Hamilton county. Having determined to study and pursue the law as a profession, this employment not only enabled him to support himself and aid his father, but initiated him directly into the practical part of the law. In the agreement he reserved a portion of each day, to be applied to the study of his profession, which he prosecuted for three years with good success, under the direction of Arthur St. Clair, an eminent counselor then of Cincinnati.

During young M'Lean's continuance in the Clerk's office he was faithful and indefatigable in the performance of his double labors. He was a member of the first debating society formed in Cincinnati, and took an active part in all its discussions. Here he carefully trained himself in those habits of analysis, logic, and extemporane-

ous speaking which prepared him for his future and more important duties of statesman and jurist. Here, too, it is probable his aspirations led him to determine that he would aim at an exalted mark, and make the highest intellectual development and distinction the prize of his ambition.

In the spring of 1807 Mr. M'Lean was married to Miss Rebecca Edwards, daughter of Dr. Edwards, formerly of South Carolina, a lady of most estimable character. Soon after her marriage there was added to her amiable disposition and other excellent qualities experimental and practical religion, so that she was thoroughly prepared for the distinguished position she was called to fill; and for thirty-three years she presided over the domestic affairs of her large family with much wisdom and discretion. In December, 1840, she peacefully passed away from earth to her home in heaven.

In the fall of 1807 Mr. M'Lean was admitted to the practice of the law, and settled at Lebanon, Ohio. Here his talents, business habits, and agreeable manners immediately attracted the attention of the people, and he was very soon introduced to a lucrative practice at the bar. For a time after entering upon the practice of his profession he inclined to be skeptical in his views of religion. His character, however, for integrity was well established, and before his conversion he maintained in that community an unblemished reputation. Under the ministry of Rev. John Collins, of precious memory, and one of the most faithful, eloquent, and successful pioneer Methodist ministers in the western country, he was rescued from the dangers of infidelity, and brought to a knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins. This extraordinary change took place on this wise: Mr. Collins had an appointment to preach in a private house at Lebanon. At the time fixed the people crowded the rooms, and many had to stand about the doors. Among these was Mr. M'Lean, who stood where he could hear distinctly, though, as he thought, unobserved by the speaker. During the discourse, however, he fell under the notice of Mr. Collins's keen eye; and his prepossessing and intelligent appearance attracted, at the first glance, the notice of the preacher. He paused a moment and mentally offered up a short prayer for the conversion of the young man. After Mr. Collins resumed the first word he uttered was "eternity." That word was spoken with a voice so solemn and impressive, that its full import, it seems, was felt by Mr. M'Lean. All things besides appeared to be nothing in comparison to it. He soon sought an acquaintance with Mr. Collins, and a short time after this accompanied

him to one of his appointments in the country; and, at the close of the sermon, he remained in class to inquire "what he must do to be saved." On their return to Lebanon Mr. Collins told his young friend that he had a request to make of him which was reasonable, and he hoped would not be rejected. The request was that he would read the New Testament at least fifteen minutes every day till his next visit. The promise was made and strictly performed.

At first Mr. M'Lean laid his watch on the table before him, so as to be exact as to the time, but the interest in the Scriptures so increased that the time spent in reading was increased daily. After this a covenant was entered into by the parties to meet each other at the throne of grace at the setting of the sun. The agreed suppliants had not continued their daily, united, and earnest prayers long before Mr. M'Lean was justified by faith, and realized the great blessing of "the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost."

The writer of this sketch formed an acquaintance with Mr. M'Lean in 1821, at the time when he was judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio. He has been familiar with him in Church associations and other relations in society, as well as in many of the offices he was called to fill, and yet he has never heard, for the period of more than thirty-seven years, the smallest objection alleged against his moral or religious character. It seems his growth in grace has been commensurate with his political advancement, so that, amid the temptations of nearly fifty years of public life, he has been enabled to adorn the doctrine of God our Savior, and "keep himself unspotted from the world."

Ever since Mr. M'Lean's connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church he has had a high appreciation of its doctrines, discipline, and usages, without the indulgence of bigotry or prejudice against other denominations. He is a faithful attendant on the public services, and has a rich enjoyment in the use of the means of grace generally. He has always been an ardent lover of his class meeting, and, whenever practicable, he is constant in his attendance at those weekly meetings. When at Washington City it was his uniform habit to attend class at sunrise every Sunday morning. His leader once said, owing to the heavy cross he had to bear, he desired the Judge might sometimes fail to attend; but the wish was vain, for he was present at every meeting as certainly as the leader himself. For a length of time the Judge, while in Cincinnati, found a class, met by Christopher Smith, of precious memory, that suited him exactly; it was at the hour of sunrise, and, it is believed, he

was never absent when at home. It is sincerely desired that this example will have a good influence on some modern Methodists who, so far from attending class at *sunrise*, fail to attend at more convenient hours.

Judge M'Lean is ready on all suitable occasions "to give a reason of the hope that is in him with meekness," and to defend the truths of the Bible, throwing the whole weight of his influence into the scale of genuine piety. Indeed, he is one of those living epistles that may be "known and read of all men," walking worthy of his high vocation. He and his family were once in attendance at a camp meeting in Ohio. One of his children, being affected by the heat in the crowd, was fretting, and he took it into a cooler air near the border of the large congregation. While there the person conducting the meeting called aloud upon all to join in prayer. Mr. M'Lean complied by kneeling before the Lord. A man who knew him looked at him with perfect astonishment. He inquired in himself, "What motive can influence that man to bow down in that humble attitude surrounded here with a careless multitude who incline to scoff at him and his religion? It can not be a desire for popularity, for he has as much of that as any man need to have, and that does not seem the right direction to secure an increase." Finally he was conducted to the conclusion that there was an invisible fixed principle in his heart and conscience, by which he was influenced to try to please his God, and implore the divine blessing on his fellow-men. And he added in his thoughts, "I suppose this is what they call religion. If it be worth the acceptance of M'Lean, I ought to receive it. If he needs it, I much more." At that moment, through the agency of the divine Spirit, he was awakened to a sense of his condition and danger as a sinner, and commenced praying for pardon and salvation, and never rested till he was a happy Christian. Some time after he related in a love-feast meeting the manner he was awakened and the instrumentality by which he was brought to Christ. Mr. M'Lean may never have heard of this case; yet, in the developments of the day of judgment, he may know that, through the agency of the Spirit, one sinner was saved by his silently worshiping God on his knees.

For several years prior to the declaration of war with England the whole country was greatly excited with the question, and all were expected to take sides either for or against the measure. Mr. M'Lean identified himself with what was then known as the Democratic party, and cordially approved of President Madison's administration, including his recommendation of war. In

1812, at the earnest solicitation of his friends, Mr. M'Lean became a candidate to represent his district in the Congress of the United States, and was elected by a large majority.

His first appearance in Congress was at the extra session called in the summer after the declaration of war. At this session he originated a bill, which afterward became a law, to indemnify individuals for property lost or taken for the public service during the war. At the ensuing session he introduced a resolution instructing the appropriate committee to inquire into the expediency of granting pensions to the widows of officers and soldiers who had fallen in the military service of their country. This measure of justice soon became a law, and initiated that generous policy to which the veterans of the Revolution and of the war of 1812 and their widows and orphans are indebted for the pensions and bounties so liberally bestowed upon them by their grateful country. These important measures were in exact accordance with the benevolence of his nature, and contributed largely to the well-earned popularity which he already possessed. His able and effective speech in defense of the prosecution of the war, was delivered at this session. It was published in the leading journals of that day, and furnished an earnest of that eminence which he was destined to attain. Though young his marked ability secured for him a position on the two leading committees of the first Congress of which he was a member, on foreign affairs and the public lands.

In the fall of 1814 he was re-elected to Congress by a greatly-increased and overwhelming vote. In the following winter he was solicited to allow the Legislature of his state to elect him to the senate of the United States. This he declined, preferring to retain his position in the house as an immediate representative of the people, not only because it was more agreeable to his democratic sentiments, but because also he thought he could serve his country to better advantage in that relation.

Mr. M'Lean was a zealous advocate of Mr. Madison's administration, and warmly took sides with the Democratic party. Not that he blindly committed himself to all the measures proposed by his party; for he who will take the trouble to turn over the public journals of that period, will find that his votes were mainly given in reference to principle; and that the idea of supporting a dominant party merely because it was dominant did not influence his judgment or deter him from the high path of duty which he had prescribed for himself. This independent course of action on his part never in the smallest degree lessened the consideration in which he was held

by his party. Nor did it diminish the influence which he so justly acquired and exerted among his own immediate constituents. Party lines were not so tightly drawn then, nor was there any attempt made to control the private judgment, independence, and consciences of men as now. Combinations of men are often necessary for the accomplishment of important ends, but when party power is abused, and its spirit interferes with matters beyond its legitimate bounds, it becomes a despotism which is to be dreaded and shunned.

In 1816 he submitted to become a candidate for the bench of the Supreme Court of Ohio, and was unanimously elected to that office. He brought to the discharge of the duties of this new position every necessary qualification for a judge, and his services in the judiciary were appreciated as a public benefit to the whole state. In the meanwhile his reputation became widely extended throughout the country.

In 1822 he received from President Monroe the appointment of Commissioner of the general land-office. This he accepted, and removed to Washington City. He, however, remained in this position only till July, 1823, when, in consideration of his well-ascertained ability and peculiar fitness for executive duties, he was appointed by Mr. Monroe Postmaster-General. He entered upon this responsible and difficult trust in opposition to the advice of many of his friends. And, although it was argued that no one could acquire reputation in that office, he determined to trust, as he always has done, the virtue and intelligence of the people, and entered the office with a fixed purpose to devote his days and much of his nights to the discharge of its duties. The finances of the department were in a very low condition, and it had utterly failed to secure the good-will and confidence of the people. Under his administration of the office, order soon came out of chaos, and the respect and confidence of the public were freely accorded to his superior management. Inefficient and improper contractors, postmasters, and other agents of the department were dismissed, and their places supplied with men capable, efficient, and trustworthy. The entire action of the complicated machinery of this department was controlled and regulated by him in person, being done under his immediate supervision and with his own sanction. In a short time the finances of the office were in a most flourishing condition; great dispatch and regularity were given to the mails, and, as far as the state of things then existing would allow, the commercial intercourse of the whole country was carried on with the utmost celerity, certainty, and ease. Thus was

the wisdom of President Monroe clearly exemplified in the selection of the ablest officer ever placed at the head of the post-office department. And no one can now estimate how much the whole country is indebted to the eminent executive ability of John M'Lean for the establishment of that system and order which have since made the administration of the office comparatively easy, and rendered it so great a convenience and blessing to all the people of these United States. It is not too much to say that, since the complete and triumphant success of Mr. M'Lean in the management of the post-office department, we believe no one capable of appreciating the strength of evidence has ever doubted his patriotism, his integrity, his ability, or his energy and decision of character. And will it not be readily admitted that he has every requisite qualification for the discharge of the duties of any department of our government?

The high satisfaction Mr. M'Lean had rendered his country as Postmaster-General secured for him the respect and esteem of all parties; and so universally popular was he among all the people that President Adams, on his accession in 1825, seems never to have entertained a thought of supplying his place with another, but, with true nobility of soul which can appreciate virtue in a political opponent and tolerate an honest difference of opinion, Mr. Adams urged him to continue in the post-office department, and Mr. M'Lean consented. Both these patriotic gentlemen did themselves great honor in agreeing to unite each in his appropriate sphere to administer the government for the promotion of the welfare of the whole nation. This was, no doubt, the great end that secured the harmony and employed the stupendous powers of these two honest men in their country's service.

After accepting the position under Mr. Adams, Mr. M'Lean took no active part in politics, as he considered it incompatible with the strict administration of his office to do so. Party feeling did not run as high then as now. He definitely stated to President Adams that he would not use the office either for his re-election or for the election of General Jackson to the Presidency in 1828. This honorable course, which he deemed just and proper, he deliberately prescribed for himself, and scrupulously and faithfully adhered to it. At that time the Postmaster-General was not a member of the council of the President, nor had the custom, "more honored in the breach than in the observance," of removals for opinion's sake become the practice of successful parties; so that the office did not then partake necessarily as now of the character of a party appointment.

When Mr. M'Lean accepted the office the salary was four thousand dollars, but in 1827 a proposition was made in the house to increase it to six thousand. It passed both houses almost unanimously. The eccentric Randolph, of Roanoke, in most complimentary terms remarked that "the salary was intended for the officer and not for the office, and that he would vote for the bill if the salary should be made to cease when Mr. M'Lean should leave the office."

In 1828 the severe contest between the advocates of Messrs. Adams and Jackson for the Presidency terminated and resulted in the election of the latter. On the arrival of General Jackson at Washington, preparatory to his inauguration, the 4th of March, 1829, and when he was about selecting the members of his cabinet, he sent for Mr. M'Lean to ascertain if he were willing to remain in Washington and take part in the new administration. In the interview thus sought by General Jackson, before any proposition was made to Mr. M'Lean, he frankly avowed the principles by which he had always governed himself in the exercise of the appointing power. General Jackson, with warm expressions of regard and confidence, urged him to remain in the office of Postmaster-General. This offer, after full deliberation, he felt constrained to decline. In subsequent interviews the war and navy departments were successively tendered for his acceptance, and pressed upon him with unbounded professions of friendship. Arrangements had already been made which precluded it, or the treasury department would have been tendered also. Mr. M'Lean respectfully declined them all. The spirit of party had become exceedingly bitter and acrimonious, and threatened to overleap all the bounds by which it had hitherto been confined. He saw it would be difficult if not impossible for him to take part in the new administration without the sacrifice of some of those fixed principles which he had long practiced with credit to himself and advantage to his country. Retirement from public life seemed to him, under the circumstances, not less necessary to the consistency of his character than congenial to his inclinations. Providentially as we believe the services of this "honest man" were secured to the government and people of these United States. The very position was then vacant, the most agreeable to his feelings, and one that he was every way suited to and qualified to fill. General Jackson, three days after his inauguration in 1829, nominated him to fill a vacancy on the bench of the Supreme Court. The nomination, we believe, was confirmed by the senate unanimously.

The Supreme Court of the United States is the

highest judicial tribunal in the country, and, we suppose, in the wide range of its jurisdiction, takes cognizance of far more questions and possesses more extensive powers than are intrusted to any other court in the world. It may be said to constitute the great balance-wheel of the happily-adjusted machinery of our government; and on a faithful discharge of its functions to a great extent depend the harmonious workings of the whole and the prosperity of the country. To be elevated to the position of associate justice of this Court must, therefore, be regarded as a high distinction and honor. But on those who possess that honor there rests, also, a fearful amount of responsibility. And, indeed, if they faithfully meet their obligation and discharge their duties, their labors will be equal to their responsibility and their honor.

The labors of Judge M'Lean are exceedingly onerous, not to say oppressive. He remains at Washington throughout the entire sessions of the Supreme Court, and from that time till the Court meets again he is almost constantly engaged in the labors of his circuit, which is far more extensive and embraces a much larger amount of business than the circuit of any of his colleagues. Indeed, it seems almost impossible that any other man could endure the same amount of physical and mental labor which he performs annually without sinking under it.

For several years Judge M'Lean has been the only survivor of those venerable men who were on the supreme bench when he was appointed. Chief Justice Marshall, who had long been the ornament of that tribunal, and Justices Story, Washington, Johnson, Duval, and Thompson have all been cut down as by his side. It is a singular fact, attesting alike his unshaking fidelity to his public trust, and the vigor of his physical constitution and sound health, that, except for a few days, Judge M'Lean has never been absent from the sessions of the Supreme Court since he first took his seat on the bench, now twenty-nine years ago.

Justice M'Lean has taken a prominent part in all the leading questions which have been decided by the Court. In a large share of the cases he has delivered the opinion of the Court, in others he gave his individual opinion coinciding with the majority, and in some he dissented, and assigned strong reasons for his non-concurrence.

He has always been known as an antislavery man, considering the slavery of our country sectional, and that it subsisted only by virtue of the law of the place where it exists, and derives no sanction from the law of nature, to which it is repugnant. These views are consistent with the whole tenor of the decisions and opinions of the

Supreme Court from its establishment up to the date of the decision and opinion of a majority in the memorable "Dred Scott" case. Chief Justice Taney, after deciding the question of jurisdiction, which he might have included in a few short paragraphs, elaborated at great length the pro-slavery doctrines, and said many things which startled the nation, and shocked the feelings and moral sense of millions of his fellow-citizens; but these things were not constituted *law*, and, as Judge M'Lean distinctly says, "are of no authority." His argument, in which he dissents from the majority of the Court, is a master-piece of judicial and legal reasoning.

The bereavement of Judge M'Lean in 1840 by the loss of the wife of his youth and the mother of his children—the severest affliction which such a man can endure—has been already noticed. We deem it very proper to say, that in 1843 he married Mrs. Sarah Bella Garrard, daughter of Israel Ludlow, Esq., one of the founders of Cincinnati, a lady extensively known and admired for the graces of her person, the amiable charms of her manners, and the accomplishments of her refined and cultivated intellect. She, too, has applied herself to the great interests of religion, which is woman's richest treasure and her brightest ornament.

Judge M'Lean is tall, well-proportioned, and commanding in his person, with an appearance indicating great physical and intellectual energy, promising yet many years of usefulness. His general habits of life have always been simple, abstemiously temperate, and free from ostentation. His temper is highly cheerful, his manners frank, pleasing, and dignified, and his conversation instructive and eloquent. He possesses, in a rare degree, those excellent qualities and that happy faculty which at once inspire the confidence and respect, and win the warm attachment of all with whom he associates—being courteous toward all of every class. Diligence, justice, and benevolence have guided him in his entire career as a citizen, a lawyer, a statesman, and a judge. And if he never makes any further advancement in sharing the distinguishing honors of his beloved country, he has already won a distinction which will endure while the Constitution and the Union have a place in the memories of men.

#### MOTHER AND HOME.

To walk through this world with any degree of security man *must* have principle based on the highest source, and that principle can only be instilled by the constant example of a mother and the association of a home.

#### THE MONK AND THE SONG-BIRD.

AN OLD LEGEND RHYMED.

BY LILY LICHEN.

LEAF-CLAD giants of the forest, oaks, and elms, and larches tall,  
Darkled 'round the vivid portals of the gray old convent wall;  
Like some proud ship's towering mast-head, on the far-off billows seen,  
Seemed the ancient turret rising from a swaying sea of green.

And the monks within the cloister led a merry life,  
't was said—  
Rare old wine was in the cellars, wine that sparkled bright and red;  
And they loved to quaff their goblets when the winter fire was high,  
Laughing at the hungry howling of the storm that hurried by.

One there was who never joined them in the smile and thoughtless word;  
Still and pale he dwelt among them, as who neither saw nor heard.  
If you wandered down at midnight to the chapel dark and old,  
Lo! the white-haired man was kneeling on the pavement dank and cold.

Many a time his weary vigil lasted till the darkness paled,  
And the dim and brooding night-mists on their light wings skyward sailed,  
Meeting half-way up the azure with the morning's golden ray,  
Purpled into fleecy cloud-wreaths decking all the path of day.

But the worn and weary watcher smiled not when the sunbeams bright  
Through the chapel's painted windows broke in floods of crimson light,  
But he bent his head the lower, faster still his beads he told,  
Yet no gladness blessed his spirit, and his heart grew faint and cold.

Day by day upon his forehead deeper grew the lines of care,  
Till he raised his eyes to heaven in the anguish of his prayer:  
"Father, since on earth I wander, doubting, desolate,  
Take me to thyself in heaven where the weary are at rest."

Just as summer blossoms perish in the cold autumnal blight,  
So his springing buds of promise drooped and died one gloomy night.  
All about the lonesome convent fast and faster fell the rain,  
And his weary heart kept beating with a throb of deadly pain.

For his feet went wandering backward o'er the dead waste of the past,  
Where there gushed no crystal fountain, and no tree its shadow cast,  
And he saw how he had journeyed o'er that dreary desert way,  
Mirage-mocked and burnt with fever, resting neither night nor day.  
"Yet they say the world is lovely, and 't is glorious to live:  
If it bring no peace of spirit, what to me has life to give?  
Why these restless, painful longings for that far un-trodden shore,  
Whence the weary traveler, landed, cometh never, never more.  
Ere the long eternal ages of the great To Come are past,  
I shall weary grow of heaven; e'en *its* pleasures can not last;  
All my soul cries out within me in its bitter, fruitless pain,  
For a deep and dreamless slumber whence I might not wake again."  
So the old man lay and listened with a tearless, sleep-less eye,  
While the storm-king's proud battalions marched beneath the midnight sky;  
Loud and long their martial music swelled upon the flying gale,  
Yet he heard no conqueror's pean, but a deep, despairing wail.  
With the night's long hours of darkness passed the wind and storm away,  
And the green earth upward gazing smiled upon the face of day;  
But he heeded not the glory that was radiant on her brow;  
Darker than the midnight's blackness was the gloom that wrapped him now.  
Drawing close his cloak around him, sick at heart, and faint and worn,  
Far within the trackless forest strayed the monk that summer morn;  
At his feet bright flowers were blooming, rain-drops in their azure eyes,  
O'er his head young leaves were whispering in an ever new surprise.  
Suddenly a gush of music struck upon his listless ear, thrilling every nerve within him as he wondering paused to hear;  
Looking through the clustering branches o'er him spreading green and high,  
Lo! a bird came floating downward from the portals of the sky.  
Gleaming in the morning sunlight like a star of rainbow light,  
On a waving spray of blossoms up the forest's emerald bight,  
Poised at last the wondrous song-bird, trembling with melodious sound,  
While the old man, lost and spell-bound, sank upon the mossy ground.

Every leaf was hushed with rapture, e'en the breezes held their breath;  
Wild birds, save the stranger singer, all were still and mute as death,  
While the strains grew sweeter, clearer, ever varying in their tone,  
Like the some-time dream-heard music of the harps around the throne.  
For an hour, the old man fancied, he had listened to its song,  
Wakening every secret fountain hidden in his soul so long,  
When it spread its golden pinions, flashing in the glorious light,  
And far up the azuro heaven vanished, singing, out of sight.  
Then he turned his wandering footsteps toward the convent walls again,  
But the woods were strangely altered since he heard that wondrous strain;  
For the trees were taller, stronger, and the thicket denser grown—  
Through the thickly-tangled branches scarce a sunbeam feebly shone.  
Why that sudden cry of wonder from his startled lips that broke?  
Why the wild amaze and sorrow of the hurried words he spoke?  
Where the convent walls had risen, proudly looking toward the sky,  
Broken ruins, shattered columns, ivy-covered, 'round him lie.  
Then there came a lonely traveler wandering in the leaf-strewn way,  
And he, weary, paused a moment gazing at the ruins gray;  
But the old man turning begged him for the love of God to show  
What had wrought a change so wondrous since he went an hour ago.  
Then the traveler, scarcely dreaming he had heard the words aright,  
Answered, full of curious wonder at the man who met his sight:  
"In the olden time a convent stood in wealth and grandeur here,  
But it lies in moldering ruins, now, they say, the hundredth year."  
Thus he spoke—with head uncovered, pointing to the far-off sky,  
Stood the old man gazing upward with a clear and beaming eye;  
O'er his face the heart's glad sunshine into radiant smiling broke,  
Full of firm and trustful gladness were the earnest words he spoke.  
"Father, I have learned a lesson which thy wondrous love has taught,  
I have found the faith and comfort which my spirit vainly sought;  
While I listened to the music of the bird thy mercy sent,  
Lo! a hundred springs and winters on their still wings came and went.

In that wondrous new-found rapture knew I neither night nor day,  
And I fancied at its ending that an hour had passed away—  
In my spirit's sad complaining, in my sin, and doubts, and fears,  
Little recking that a moment is in heaven a thousand years.  
Let the everlasting ages with their tide of joy roll on,  
From the shore my bark is loosened, I shall see it fading soon;  
God is good, and life is pleasant, and 't is glorious to be  
Ever young, and bright, and fadeless through a long eternity!  
O'er his locks of snowy whiteness, while he sank upon his knees,  
Played the glory of the sunlight quivering through the trembling trees;  
Lower, lower on his bosom slowly sank his aged head,  
Autumn leaves came floating downward—like the leaves, he too was dead.

## THE SOUL'S ENDEAVOR.

BY H. A. SMITH.

THERE is a voice that, to the thoughtful soul, Speaks oftentimes in its hour of calm and dreams, When the hushed passions, awed by its control, Listens to its revelations. Then it seems To speak in audible accents, and its tones Ring in the ear of reason o'er and o'er, In cadence, grand and solemn as the moans Of sea-winds coming from the midnight shore. And the heart checks its beating when it hears, Breathless to catch its import deep and strange, When from the regions of the eternal years, From the mysterious realms of time and change, Come the far echoes of that voice of power, That kindles, with the grandeur of its themes, The groveling mind, and wakens thoughts that tower With eager wings high o'er earth's shadowy dreams. It speaks, and tells us that the human soul, All fallen though it be, is still divine, Born to endure while circling ages roll, And, in its Maker's image, soar and shine; That in its inmost nature planted deep Are vital powers, whose life, when full revealed, Might vie with the archangel's, and might reap Such laurels as no toils of earth can yield. Glorious, though lost, and glittering in the dust, It pines to soar up to its native hill, And feels that the cold grave's consuming rust Can never make its beating pulses still; That on its wondrous mission, going forth, It stoops a moment from its high career To pause an hour on this frail spot of earth. For one short trying hour it pauses here, Then plumes its pinions for a loftier flight, And, bursting from its bonds, away—away It soars exulting to perfection's hight, Through the grand mysteries of infinity.

## SONG OF THE MORTAL TO VEGA VEL LYRA.

BY M. L. BEST.

PAUSE in thy pathway, beautiful star! Bend to my song from thy flaming ear! Long have I gazed on thy glories bright, Hasting afar thro' the halls of night; Long have we listened for some sweet note Of the wonderful melodies that float Forth from the chords of thy radiant lyre, Praising thy Maker with words of fire.

Ages on ages have come and gone Since the hour of thy primal dawn; Kingdoms have risen and passed away Lit to their doom by thy changeless ray; Shining alike on their birth and fall— First and last thou hast seen them all. Sages have measured thy path on high, And number'd the spheres that around it lie. They shall descend to the tomb and still Millions on millions their place shall fill. Thou shalt behold them return to dust, As thou didst behold the entombed Just, And vail thy face that no ray might fall Upon the gloom of thy Maker's pall.

Higher and nobler and better than thou, Are we who gaze on thy glories now. Soon shall we rise from our earthly thrall, Soon shall our fetters of bondage fall; Worms as we are, we are born to rise Beyond the hight of the star-gemm'd skies. Blackness and night shall extinguish thee, We shall exist thro' eternity. Limits and bounds to thy days are given— We are the heirs of the years of heaven, Fettered awhile to this mortal clod, Yet linked to the Infinite—sons of God.

## AN AUTUMN DIRGE.

BY ANNIE E. HOWE.

THE beautiful song of the summer Is changed to a funeral strain, And the leaves, with a sorrowing murmur, Fall thick in the chill autumn rain. The forests are losing their glory Since the leaves and the flowers are gone, And the skies, as if listening the story, Look silently, solemnly on.

O, shade of the swift-winged summer, Bright spirit of beauty and bloom, How unwelcome, to many, the com'er That bore thee away to the tomb! Yet why should their bosoms be heaving And their spirits break forth into sighs, When they see how the rich glow is leaving The beautiful blue of the skies; For as spring will restore us the flowers, The leaves and the sweet-singing bird, We shall dwell with these frail hearts of ours Where autumn winds never are heard!

## JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

FROM THE FRENCH.

BY JULIA COLMAN.

**J**EAN PAUL occupies a high place in the realm of sentiment. In himself alone he may be said to represent the entire German mind—in its mystic reveries and its profound conceptions, in its brilliant ideas and its confused vagaries.

It is not an easy matter to read and appreciate him. He should be studied. When, for the first time, you take up his writings you appear to be entering a primeval forest, where the spreading trees almost close up your path, where festooning vines, interlaced branches, and an unending luxuriance of vegetation trammel every step. You dread to encounter such difficulty, but if you struggle through these first barriers and advance into the winding paths of this profound solitude, your soul will be ravished with the most transcendent beauties. Through the heavy arches of the grand old woods sparkle showers of scintillating stars, and floods of light color the rich foliage. Amid the tufted underwood rise the most elegant flowers; and the breeze that plays with the slender twigs of the shrubbery, the insect that peoples the green sward, and the bird that darts through the branches, fill the air with their murmurs, their cries, and their concerts. There is a life, a vigor which you find no where else, a marvelous natural power developing itself freely without any conventional embellishments or artificial trappings.

Such is Jean Paul, and those who have learned to appreciate his works will not find this comparison extravagant. No writer has a greater flow of spontaneous thought, a bolder style or a more remarkable fecundity. No other poet has united such profound sentiment with such capricious fantasies.

Jean Paul Frederick Richter was born at Wunsiedel, in Bavaria, in 1763. As was peculiarly fitting, this child of nature first visited earth in the spring-time. As he himself used frequently to say, he and the spring were born together, on the morning of the 21st of March, and he wittily adds, "It was the month when the golden and gray wagtail, the robin, the crane, and the red hammer appeared, and many snipes and woodcocks came also."

His father, an honest but poor ecclesiastic, took mostly upon himself the education of his children, and his stern and mechanical mode of teaching seems to have impressed the volatile mind of his eldest child very unfavorably. The green fields and balmy air had far greater attractions for young Jean Paul than the memorizing

of Latin words and rules. However, he ultimately became a close student. After attending the University of Leipsic for a while he was obliged to leave for want of funds, and return to his now widowed mother. Here we find that, "while the good old lady sat beside her wheel or busied herself with household cares, in the same room sat the future author at his desk, reading, consulting works of antiquity, and amassing notes on the sciences with unquenchable ardor."

To provide for the material wants of himself and his mother he taught school, but it brought him only a small salary, barely sufficient to keep them above actual want. This paucity of funds induced him to turn his attention to literature as a means of subsistence. His first work, written at the age of nineteen, was sarcastic. It was entitled "Eulogy of Stupidity." This he sent to Prof. Seidlitz, a literary friend whose criticisms he desired, and whose aid he hoped to obtain in the disposal of his manuscript. A year afterward he writes thus to his intimate friend, pastor Vogel:

"I left Hof last year full of hopes and chimerical fancies. No one, thought I, can be happier than myself. My essay will bring me one hundred dollars at least, and with that I can live the summer through. The book itself will hardly live so long. Herr Prof. Seidlitz will soon dispose of this satirical abortion, and at my next visit he will undoubtedly hand me the author's reward. But Herr Prof. Seidlitz had not disposed of my satire, and, of course, could not hand me the author's reward. Yet that gentleman so long and so kindly patronized the book by letting it lie on his desk that Michaelmas Fair, the time when it should have been published, was half over. Now I had the book, but no publisher. So I read it through to quiet my ill-humor, and then I was thankful that I had found no publisher. 'Lie there in the corner with the school exercises, for thou art no better than they,' said I, with paternal expression to the little Richter. 'I will forget thee, for the world would certainly have forgotten thee if published.'"

His next production was the "Greenland Law-suits," a collection of moral and satirical sketches. This time he had the courage to present himself, manuscript in hand, to the Leipsic publishers. It was refused by all of them, and he sent it to Voss, of Berlin, who accepted it readily, though it was indifferently received by the public. The remuneration it brought him was very acceptable, for about this period he not unfrequently suffered severely the pangs of cold and hunger.

For nine years Jean Paul continued to culti-

vate the satirical style of writing. He fancied that his talent lay in that direction. He finally undeceived himself, and, through the somewhat honey-some "Life of the Schoolmaster Wuz," he took the blessed step over into the "Invisible Lodge." By this act he "closed the door to satire," as he says, "and opened it to all that loved, and wept, and rejoiced in human nature." And, as long as there are human hearts to love, and weep, and rejoice, Jean Paul will hold his sway over them.

His writings were quite voluminous. He left no less than fifty-four volumes, including posthumous papers.

His communion with nature was most intimate. To refresh himself after his patient and conscientiously-performed school labors, he often walked out into the country, accompanied only by his dog, observing and studying every thing that came in his way, from the insect that hummed at his feet to the cloud that floated over his head. Nature was to him as a great book upon which he not only rested his eyes and his thoughts, but he breathed in its sentiments with a fervent veneration.

"Do you enter this vast temple," he says, "with a soul quite pure? Do you not bring one evil thought into the place where the flowers bloom and the birds sing, not one particle of malice into this holy sanctuary? Have you the quiet of the deep flowing stream, where the works of creation are reflected as in a mirror? Ah! would that my soul were always as pure, as peaceful as nature when it came from the hands of its Creator!"

In the summer he often took his books or his desk to the hillside and pursued his labors in the midst of the scenes whose harmonies sounded with such fullness in his ear, and whose beauties threw upon him so lively a fascination. He contemplated nature as a poet, he studied her as a philosopher. A spire of grass, a butterfly's wing, were to him at the same time the subject of scientific analysis and of tender reveries. Listen to one of the latter:

"I picked up in the choir of the church a withered rose-leaf which the children had trampled under foot. Upon this little leaf, covered with dust, my imagination rebuilt a world rejoicing in all the charms of summer. I dreamed of the beautiful day when the child held the flower in its hand. I saw through the church windows the blue heavens and the floating clouds. I fancied the cold dome of the temple inundated with light, and likened the shadows which here and there vailed some of the arches to those cast by the clouds upon the green sward. God of goodness! thou hast scattered every-where the

fountains of joy. Thou dost invite us not only to enjoyments grand, sublime, and overpowering, but thou impartest with the smallest gift a holy sweetness. And, as if present enjoyment were not sufficient, thou dost invest the recollection of the past with new glorification, and, through increased charms, preventest the loathing of repetition."

After some time, at the earnest request of his early friends in Schwarzenbach, he went thither to teach their children. He was very kindly received by his patrons, among whom he made it his home very much after the Yankee method of "boarding around." In the society of these friends he enjoyed the most exquisite pleasure, and scarcely less in the instruction of his pupils. His method of instruction was peculiar, developing the spiritual and poetical nature, and was better adapted to make students and writers, than practical business men. His "Levana" details the workings of his system.

His constant endeavors seemed to be directed to the improvement and development of all by whom he was surrounded. Not only his scholars but his associates and intimate friends shared in these favors. He made up instructive stories, planned voyages and travels, and philosophized on any subject that presented itself to the great delight of all who read or listened.

His female friends shared largely in this kind of attention. His gentle soul seemed especially to appreciate all womanly tenderness and virtue, and nothing was so beautiful in his eyes as the development of the pure and unsophisticated female mind. His taste was very correct. "I ask not," he says, "for the most beautiful person, but for the most beautiful heart. In that I can excuse blemishes; in this I can excuse none." He seemed to sympathize with all the privations and trials incident to the females of his country, and his picture of the heart-life of the German peasant woman is startlingly truthful and sorrowfully touching.

There are several minor love passages in his life, but with all his ready appreciation of feminine loveliness, he seems to have gone pretty much heart-whole to beyond the age of thirty. In 1797 he went to Berlin to visit some of those authors whose writings had won his admiration, and who also wished for his acquaintance. He was every-where received with much distinction; and one day at a dinner where he was an honored guest, he met and received an introduction to Miss Caroline Meyer. He admired, and she was not indifferent. It was a decided case of love at first sight, and such a soul as Richter's would not need to wait long to recognize its mate. In her he found that deep sympathy for which he

had waited so long, and in due time he was married.

She was of good family, of highly-cultivated mind, and every way worthy of the noble choice that had fallen upon her. A friend speaks of her thus: "Purity of mind, unbounded love to her parents and sisters, and universal benevolence, were her natural endowments. To these she added inexpressible love for Richter, and unconditional submission to his wishes. With a fine taste for all that was beautiful in art, great enthusiasm of feeling, and a penetrating knowledge of the world, she still had very moderate views of the value of worldly show, and her outward life and appearance were modest and unpretending." Her husband often speaks with an exquisite charm of the holy happiness that resulted from this union.

At this time Richter's income from his published works were sufficient for the support of his family, which was eventually increased by the addition of two daughters and one son. His habits always remained simple and inexpensive, and he spent the most of his time in the retirement of home. His mind was devoted to the pleasures of study, and his heart open to all the innocent endearments of life.

We are indebted to his daughter for many little details of this pure and quiet home life. "In the morning," she says, "he entered my mother's chamber to wish her a good day. His dog leaped upon him, his children threw themselves into his arms, and when he left they tried to get their feet into his slippers to detain him; then they hung upon him quite up to the door of his study, where only his dog was permitted to enter with him. Sometimes we would get up an invasion of his premises; we would climb the long staircase on our hands and knees, and knock at his door till he opened it and let us in. Then he took from an old chest a trumpet and a fife, with which we made frightful music, while he continued to write. In the evening he would tell stories, or teach us about God and about other worlds, or talk to us about our grandfather and a host of other things. At these times it was our greatest ambition to see who could get nearest him. As a table covered with papers prevented our approach in front we would climb up to the back of the sofa where he usually reclined, and when we were disposed of to the best advantage, he would begin his delightful stories. At meal-time he seated himself gayly at the table, listened with kindly sympathy to all we might say, often turning the little incidents of our daily life to good account. He never gave us direct lectures, but he instructed us incessantly."

Toward the close of his life the poor philoso-

pher suffered some severe afflictions. He lost his only son at the age of nineteen, and, before he had fully recovered from the shock occasioned by this, he became blind. He submitted to his lot with pious resignation. His voice grew still softer, and his features milder, while every little favor was received with the most affecting tokens of gratitude. His literary labors, the preparation of some of his manuscripts for publication, were continued to the last. The powers of his soul were unshaken, and the vigor of his imagination undiminished. The beauties of nature pictured themselves in his mind, and he contemplated them with the inner eye. His favorite authors were read to him, and his meditations were calmer than ever.

In November, 1823, he took to his bed. His wife brought him some flowers that had been sent to him. He passed his hands over them caressingly, saying, "My beautiful flowers! my dear flowers!" Then he slept peacefully. By degrees his breathing became less regular, a slight convulsion passed over his features, and he was gone. Thus gently departed one whose life was a rare and beautiful example of all that is lovely and noble in his writings.

#### THE HUMAN BRAIN.

BY T. P. WILSON, M. D.

NATURE, in all her wide expanse of objects, that either only exist, or else, what is more, live, is very full of things that are mysterious, complex, and wonderful. Indeed, there can be nothing found from the lowest forms of the mineral kingdom, up through the vegetable to the highest forms of animal life, that is not worthy of admiration—pregnant with instruction, and, at the same time, in some degree, incomprehensible.

Over all these objects that are terrestrial, that are so illimitable in extent, so multiplied in form, so wonderful in operation, and, upon the one hand, so minute, and, upon the other, so vast in proportion, the great Creator of the universe placed man to be the lord of creation. And, therefore, we can not deem it strange that in man, the last and chiefest of things created, there should have been centered all those peculiar tokens and characteristics, which make the material world around us what it is, and are ever the ensigns of its divinity.

And when, as medical students, we pursue this "greatest study of mankind," the character of man, we are each day and hour more clearly convinced of the extent, and complexity, and value of our investigations. The forms of beauty, the evidences of harmony, the tokens of

skill, and the mysterious movements which we behold in every tissue and organ, win our admiration and invite our acquaintance. And we shall learn as we progress, if we are not already aware of the fact, not only that it is the sheerest folly for one to assume to have fathomed it all within a few brief months or even years, but we shall see, also, the utter inability of any one mind, by any course of study, compassing its entire bounds. The voice of inspiration saith, man is fearfully and wonderfully made. And while—since we know little and, for the present, will say nothing of his mysterious spiritual character—we content ourselves by treading cautiously along the well-defined borders of his physical nature, we shall feel most plainly the force of the truthfulness of this declaration. And we shall find, upon a further examination, that all that there is in man that is thus intricate and excellent is seemingly brought to a focus in a single organ with its appurtenances.

The brain is the man concentrated. And while it sits within the cranium, lofty as a monarch on his throne, it sends down its ten thousand ramifying nerves to put a bit and bridle upon every living tissue; and, innumerable as they are, they each receive their appropriate word of command, to which they render cheerful obedience. I do not wish here to be understood as misapprehending the fact that the old notion that the cerebrum is intimately connected with every nervous physiological manifestation is exploded. We now know that the ganglionic and spinal systems furnish a multitude of centers of reflex action.

The outward manifestations of cerebral life are attended with much that is curious. We look only upon this external mechanism of bone, muscle, tendon, fascia, etc., and we see it propelled, turned, flexed, extended, and modified in a thousand ways by this almost omnipotent power within. And while, through the avenues of sense, it draws in for its own enjoyment the melody of the voice of song or the grateful breathings of sweet perfume, we see it emitting intelligence and beauty from the eye, and words of eloquence and love from the lips. All this and much more, we are told, is due to the existence and action of some forty ounces of neurine matter with its appendages, most of which is housed, ay, seemingly bound within this little cell, which is walled on each of its four sides by broad, double-plated bones, overlaid without by integument, and lined within by membranes. And we find that all its multiplied and mysterious movements are carried on in darkness as profound as Erebus, and amid silence as deep as death.

It may thunder, and roar, and rattle by its power in the external world, but it wakes not the slightest whisper of a sound within. Surely, as we go around this tiny but mighty citadel of life and thought, we are overwhelmed by a feeling of admiration that is exceeded only by an intense curiosity which prompts us to know more of its internal character. And with a laudable thirst for knowledge, we proceed with our scalpel and saw to remove its capsular roofing and enter within its very sanctum. All around and within this temple are things strange and incomprehensible. By careful study we become familiar with its anatomical parts. We learn the names of its vascular machinery, its lobes, its ventricles, its commissures and ganglia, and, with the microscope, discover the varieties and course of its nervous filaments and the nature of its granular and cellular structure. In fine, our anatomical knowledge is complete, and yet our queries are not answered and we are still involved in perplexing ignorance.

After all this it yet remains for us to find that hidden force which gave vitality to the material man. Amid the encephalic contents we search in vain for thought, reason, memory, and other mental characteristics. No where within its farthest recesses can we find that subtle something which is the receptacle of sensation, and is the offspring of the virtues, passions, and appetites. Doubtless it was but recently there in all its glory; but we have no sooner entered than it has fled away. And there are no means whereby we can approach its hiding-place, and look upon its undisturbed operations. So nicely balanced and so amazingly complicated is the machinery through which it produces its manifestations that impalpable agencies and occult forces are sufficient to derange and altogether destroy its symmetry, and consequent adaptedness to its usual function. Indeed, its natural movements may be so seriously interfered with that fatuity, melancholy, delirium, and other abnormal results may ensue to such a degree as to produce death, and yet no pathological condition be revealed to the eye.

Now all this is, to the student's mind, very strange and instructive. He will find here a field inexhaustible, and rich with golden truths, if he will but faithfully delve for the hidden one. It will not only enrich with its treasures his mental being, but tend very much to adorn his heart. He will soon lose here those most unnatural principles of materialistic infidelity which disrobe man of his soul, and make of boundless nature nothing but material atoms. As he proceeds to investigate this most interesting department of anatomical and physiological science, he

will be more and more clearly convinced that he is here treading in the very domicile of man's spiritual nature, and realize that the brain is but its agent.

And when finally he comes to realize that in this scene he beholds a faithful portraiture of his own being, he will instinctively bow adoringly before the great I Am, saying, "Great and marvelous are thy works, O Lord! that my soul knoweth right well."

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LIFE PICTURES.

FROM HELEN WINTHROP'S JOURNAL.

BY ROSE LINDEN.

**N**EW YORK, March 7th.—Many days have passed since I have written in my Journal—days of sorrow and darkness. The hour I have looked forward to with dread and terror, for so many weeks, has come—has passed. My kind old father has gone to his long rest, and now I am in the world *alone*. Ah! the loved and gay know not the bitter meaning of that simple word! Father sank to rest just as the day was closing. His last words to me were, "My soul is very peaceful now, darling, and my body quite free from pain. I think I can drop asleep, and wish you too would try to take some rest." One half hour later he awoke in paradise.

His brother officers of the navy attended him to the grave, and there was a grand military display, they said; but for once, though a soldier's daughter, I did not care to see it. The only thing that I could see, turn where I would, was that snow-crowned head on the coffin pillow. Yet I blessed them for the honor they had done him, who so well deserved it, and for the pleasant shady resting-place they gave him in beautiful Greenwood.

"Rest thee, lost one, rest thee calmly,  
Glad to go where pain is o'er,  
Where they say not in the night-time,  
'I am weary' any more."

**M**arch 11th.—The annuity, which has supported us for so many years, will cease now, and I must maintain myself. I am thankful I have a thorough, substantial education, and am thus rendered comparatively independent. Yet O how hard it is to go alone into the cold, cold world, with never a loving heart to whisper, "God bless you, dear one!" O, my father! I must not wish you back from your home of blessedness; but this is a bitter cup. May Jesus strengthen me for every trial!

**M**arch 20th.—Next week I leave the city for the west. An old shipmate of my father's, anchored in a growing western village, thinks I

would do well to open a young lady's school there. The place is called Wenonah, after some old Indian chief, no doubt. Captain Brintwell has introduced to me a western merchant, Mr. Page, who is here on business, and he will be my escort. Have I really struck out for myself into the broad, open sea of life, and must I be my own helmsman?

*Steamer May Queen, Lake Erie, March 24th.*—A long, dusty ride over the New York Central road quite tired me out. It was such a relief to step on board this beautiful steamer at Buffalo, where one may enjoy the refreshing, bracing Lake air, and indulge in the luxury of an abundance of clear, pure water. This is my first journey, and every little incident is full of interest to me.

Erie is as quiet as a sleeping child to-day, and as blue as the sweet sky it seems to kiss. I wrapped myself in my traveling shawl, and sat out on the deck for hours, till the chill air warned me to come in.

The long cabin is dimly lighted now, and gay groups are gathering about on rich divans and sofas, chatting and laughing merrily. Sleepy children roll about the carpet, and nurses walk up and down, with tired, fretful babies in their arms; I only seem alone. Thanks to my fountain pen, I can whisper all my loneliness to my little Journal, and that is some relief.

**11 o'clock.**—I have spent the evening very pleasantly after all. Just as I finished that last line, Mr. Page came up and asked permission to introduce a friend of his and of Captain Brintwell's, Kent Monteith, a resident of Wenonah. I was so glad to have any one to talk with that I gave him my hand with, I imagine, decidedly western cordiality. He is a tall man, with a deeply sun-browned face, black eyes, and a grave, but pleasant countenance. He took a seat beside me, and we were soon engaged in a lively conversation, which greatly cheered my spirits. When Mr. Page had excused himself to talk with some business men, he gave me much information with regard to my future home, describing some of the principal characters there so minutely I shall seem to know them when we meet. The information will be of much service to me.

Once he alluded to my lonely lot with so much interest and feeling that the tears sprang unbidden to my eyes. He started quickly, and then asked me to forgive him if he had rudely touched a spirit chord. "I am more accustomed," he said, "to a rough, backwoods life and the wild, exciting chase than to the sweet amenities of life. But, Miss Winthrop, if you will allow one but an hour ago a stranger to speak so boldly, I will say, that if ever, in your future, you may

want a friend to serve you, Kent Monteith's arm is ever at your service; and may I not say, without the appearance of boasting, it has never yet failed a friend?

"But I have detained you all this time, and you are weary. We shall be ascending the Detroit river to-morrow about sunrise, and you will enjoy the views if you can be out on deck so early," and, bowing gracefully, he retired.

O how precious a word of blessed sympathy is to a soul so sorrow-laden! Life does not look as dark as it did an hour or two ago. I shall surely be up in time to see the sun rise. Good-night, dear little Journal.

*March 26th.*—The last fifty miles of our journey was by railroad again, and consequently rather tiresome. Mr. Monteith left us at Chicago. I hope I shall meet him again, though he did not say when he should be here.

I am now at Captain Brintwell's. He has a house full of rosy-cheeked, hearty-looking children, and his ample-faced wife bustles about most energetically, trying to make me feel at home. Home! what a picture that brings up! A pleasant parlor in a New York boarding-house and my dear old father in his easy chair—that is all the home I have ever known; but O how dearly my heart cherishes its memory! The Captain is a noble man, and he talks with me much about my father, which makes me love him.

O that dreaded teaching! When must I begin that?

*April 3d.*—Well, my little school has fairly opened, and I had fifteen pupils this morning. It was more than I dared hope for, but was no doubt due to Captain Brintwell's efficiency. I fear he has far over-stated my capabilities. Still, with God's blessing, I know I can and will succeed. I feel strong and resolute to-day. I have taken a firm forward step for myself in the world, and I feel the happier for it to-night. O how I long to run and tell father all about it! My heavenly Father is ever near. What cheering that thought brings!

My scholars are rather rude, untutored girls; but they seem to mean well, and are desirous of learning. I hope I can see a great change in them before the session is over.

*April 6th.*—At last I am fairly settled in my new home. The Captain's house was too far from the school, and so he secured this lovely place for me, in the sweetest little cottage my fancy ever painted. The only occupants were a widow lady and her brother—a somewhat reserved man, with hair a little silvered and brow deeply lined. He seldom talks, but displays an exquisite taste in decorating his cottage-home.

The lady was rather lonely, and so consented the more readily to give me up this airy front room opposite her parlor. The vines almost cover the window, and a snowy curtain completes the seclusion. A Michigan rose clammers over the side door which faces the sunset. My guitar stands in the corner there, my work-box is on the little table, and my father's portrait smiles upon me from the wall. My bed folds into a sofa during the day. So I have quite a little parlor here.

*April 14th.*—How swiftly the days glide by, now every moment is occupied! It seems to me I have been half dreaming all my life before, but I certainly have been most effectually awakened now. I find teaching is no easy task, but one which calls every faculty into exercise. My girls had always attended the public school before, which is very poorly taught and disciplined; and when the novelty of a new teacher's presence had worn away, they were desirous of falling into their accustomed habits. But I quickly instructed them that I should allow no other conduct in my school-room but that becoming a lady, and endeavored to show them how much more desirable such a manner was than a rude, careless one. Most of them seem anxious to improve, but there are two misses about sixteen who make me much trouble. Well, I must have patience, and do what I can for them. If they will not conform to my regulations, my school-room is my own, and they must leave for the sake of the others.

I am really lonely to-night, and my heart much depressed. It longs for sympathy. I have no friend here with whom I can talk without reserve; in whom I can confide all my cares and troubles. The fairest surroundings can not give the spirit rest. It must have living sympathy to keep its waters clear and sparkling.

*April 15th.*—It is eleven o'clock, but I am not at all sleepy, notwithstanding my hard day's work. How different my present mood from that with which I closed my little Journal last evening! Just after tea, as I was sitting by my window playing a dear home song, some one passed through the little gate and came up the shaded walk. I was called for, and wondering who could want me, I entered the parlor. It was Mr. Monteith, and I am sure I was never more rejoiced to see an old friend. He spent the evening here, and we had a long, pleasant chat together, chiefly on literary subjects, with which he is remarkably familiar. It was truly a mental feast for me, as I have met no one since I came here who cared a fig for literature. He loves the old British poets as dearly as I do, and can quote them with twice the ease. O, it is such a rest to converse with a kindred soul, after this dry, dull

round of teaching all the day, and needful contact with coarse, uncultivated natures. Mr. Monteith has such a frank, noble manner, and so little self-consciousness, it is easy to talk with him. He will be here most of the summer, and I hope I shall meet him often. God bless him for his kind interest in and sympathy with a friendless orphan!

*May 20th.*—This is the merry month of May, and my heart is full of love for this enchanted prairie-world around me. I had heard of its beauties before, but had not the slightest conception of the reality. The broad green fields are one carpet of flowers. The phlox, which we cultivate at home, is the most prominent, and it makes the prairie seem almost purple. Many choice home-flowers grow wild here, and assume a dozen new tints and variations. O how I love flowers! The richest treat I could ever afford myself, when walking past the glittering shop-windows of Broadway, was to stop at some poor child's flower-stand and buy a little basket of roses. But here one may have the gayest, richest flowers only for gathering them.

*June 6th.*—My school numbers over twenty, and I have my hands quite full. Sarah M'Lean is still a great deal of trouble. Her associate, Lois Starr, seems improving, and would do quite well alone. I can find no avenue to Sarah's sensibilities, though I have tried every method I could devise. Her father is the richest man in the county, and she regards that as a sufficient passport for her through life. Her nature is hard as a rock and very gross. I dread her influence on these other dear girls I am learning to love more every day.

The reason why Wenonah is, socially, so much behind many other western villages, is because there is so little religious interest here. It has but one small church, and that is poorly attended. I am determined, if possible, to establish a Sabbath school, if I can get any one to work with me. I talked with the minister yesterday, but he spoke very discouragingly; said he tried it once, but "it would not work." I have prayed earnestly for strength and assistance, and feel sure the Lord will help me. Mr. Monteith is a Christian, and I know I may count on his aid.

*June 13th.*—Yesterday our Sabbath school was organized, and we had the first session. There are three teachers who have been persuaded to engage in the work, and I have my class of day scholars, besides Captain Brintwell's children were present, though he laughs at "his little school ma'am's project for civilizing the little heathen here." He promises to come in and see us some time, however. Poor Captain! how my heart aches to see him so far from the kingdom!

*June 18th.*—I have sent away Sarah, and by this means, no doubt, injured my interests here, as her friends are the wealthiest and most influential in the place. I could not keep her in justice to my other pupils; the more so, since I learn that her conduct away is very unprincipled. I could not allow such a corrupting influence among these dear girls committed to my trust. Dear Savior, I will cast all my care upon thee, assured that thou wilt not forsake the child of thy servant. Thou wilt be "a father to the fatherless."

*July 4th.*—I never knew so quiet an Independence-day before. O how I would love to see the grand military parade in New York, to-day, as I have seen it every year since I can remember! But, alas! my father would not be beside me, and my heart would be sadder there than here.

*July 26th.*—How fast my life is passing! Weeks roll on like hours almost. And so life seems to hasten, faster, faster—as we drift down the river of Time. These Sabbath hours are the sweetest in all the week to me. Our Sabbath school has grown beyond all expectation, and the change in the children is very marked. Every one observes it and is willing to attribute it to the real cause. Some parents have been induced to give up Sabbath visiting, and have joined Mr. Monteith's Bible class. Some of my pupils are becoming much interested, and two I hope are sincerely inquiring the way of salvation. I wish our minister felt more interest in the work; but he hardly treats me kindly when I meet him. I am sure I have tried all along to do nothing that could displease him, and I am very sorry if I have. His time here expires next month, and I pray every day that God will send us an earnest, working clergyman in his place. I feel almost confident that he will.

*August 14th.*—Our new minister is here, and, God be praised for his mercy! he is just the man we need. His very first discourse warmed many stupid hearts, and aroused them from the soul-lethargy into which they have been for two years settling. I am sorry for the people who have lost him, but as much so for those who have obtained our poor Mr. K.

*August 27th.*—Five of my scholars have, I trust, truly given their hearts to Christ. O the deep joy and thankfulness that fills my soul! The work of the Lord is reviving here, and many are turning their thoughts toward their eternal interests. Mr. Monteith is very active in his efforts for the salvation of souls. He told me last evening how bitterly he regretted his former spiritual coldness and too exclusive devotion to business affairs. He told me much of his former history, and spoke with deep feeling of the prayers

and counsels of his pious mother, who has been for three years sleeping beneath the mold of the prairie. He showed me a little picture of her, which he always carries. She was a plain, old-fashioned-looking lady; but her face indicated a strong, vigorous intellect and a gentle, loving spirit. I loved to look into her cheery, smiling eyes. They seemed to say, "Always look on the bright side, child."

*August 31st.*—My first five months' session is over, and now I mean to rest till October. I am glad to have a month's leisure, as I feel quite weak and languid. This summer has been my first trial of work, and it has been rather hard. I am not inured to a western climate yet, and miss the bracing salt air I love so well. How much good a little sail down the bay, or up the beautiful Hudson, would do me! I did not know how worn down I was till the pressure of school cares was removed and I had time to feel unwell.

*September 20th.*—How long the time seems since the last date! I have been quite sick with a fever common in this climate, and this is the first day my kind nurse has allowed me to take my pen. Death has been very near sometimes, and I shuddered at his presence. But I thank my heavenly Father that he was nearer still. One day, when they all thought me unconscious, I lay too languid to speak, and all the hours I felt that Jesus was with me, and my spirit was so blessed and joyous I never wished to wake. But I am spared, and the cup of life tastes sweet again. Here, nurse, dear, you may have the book, for it seems to grow dark all at once and my head is giddy.

*September 29th.*—A little longer from the pillow every day, and a little additional strength. My teaching is over for this year, I am afraid. The physician says I can not think of such a thing for months or I will bring on a relapse. The world looks pretty dark to-day. To-morrow another teacher commences a school on the other side of the village, under the special patronage of Mr. K. M'Lean, who has never forgiven my dismissal of Sarah.

When I am strong again I must go to some new place and try, once more, to make a home among strangers. It will be hard indeed to leave this pleasant one, and all the kind friends a time of trial has raised up for me. The hot tears will fall when I think of it, and I am blotting sadly these fair pages.

*September 30th.*—I sat up all the afternoon today. Mr. Monteith called a little while. He said Mrs. Clarke would not admit him before, though he had called a great many times. I am sure it was very kind of him. He looked very sober, and expressed much concern at the sight

of my hollow face. Mrs. Clarke would not let him stay much longer than a minute. She need not have hurried him so. His visit did me more good than my medicine. "Do n't let any thing trouble you, Helen," he said very earnestly as she was sending him off. I really think I will take his advice; then I can get well quicker.

*October 13th.*—. . . Kent reads to me every afternoon, and these autumn days are very bright! He has exacted a promise that I will not go away to teach, but that I will undertake, as a life work, the molding of his "rough character" to my ideal standard. The work was done before I ever met him.

My dear father's presence and blessing are all I want to make my cup of joy run over. My dear heavenly Father is present, and I feel that in this we both have his blessing, as we have both earnestly entreated it.

*October 19th.*—To-day we all commemorated the dying love of our Savior together at our little church. With eyes and hearts overflowing, I saw the kind, old friend of my father, Captain Brintwell, sit down, for the first time, at the table of our Lord. His wife has long been a member of the Church, and now sees the prayers of many years richly answered.

*October 25th.*—It is decided now, that after Christmas I shall visit my old home again, and not alone. Kent's resources are much larger than I supposed, and he says if I would like he should be glad to spend three months in New York, as he has never been there except on business. I sometimes fear that I shall awake from this sweet dream to the cold, chilling reality of a lonely orphan's lot again.

Oh how pleasant to think of treading those familiar streets, of visiting all those places of interest so dear to me, with Kent Monteith for a companion! And he will go with me to that shady nook in Greenwood, where we will plant some dear prairie flowers, to whisper of us when we are gone again. And, O! sweeter than all is the thought that we shall never part again till God shall separate us for a little time, only to be reunited on a brighter shore.

"Life may be a dream,  
But if such dreams are given,  
While at the portal thus we stand,  
What are the truths of heaven?"

POVERTY is necessarily feeble; but it does not follow that riches afford strength. We may, if we please, make wings of them which will carry us to heaven; but we may also as certainly make them oppressive burdens, which would sink the most hopeful soul into the deepest perdition.

## THE LOST PIPE; OR, ASK AN EXPLANATION.

BY REV. R. M. BEACH.

IF you will listen a few moments, gentle reader, I will tell you a story. In the year 1846, while laboring in the hills of Pennsylvania, where it would seem the people really trespassed on the rights of the bears and wolves in making a settlement, I invited one day my friend D., who was then an exhorter, to accompany me to an appointment. It was some six miles distant from the rude personage, and the journey was performed on horseback. We soon reached the place of destination, a by-settlement composed of some six or eight families, and were cordially met by the brother at whose house the meeting was to be held, and our horses were soon sheltered in a dilapidated stable.

As we were returning to the house, I noticed my friend walking slowly down the street, over which we had just passed, as though in search of some lost treasure. I inquired of my host what he had lost? Said he, "He has lost his pipe." "His pipe!" said I, with amazement. I had been acquainted with him for several weeks, and had not even suspected that he used such a thing. Then, the idea of his looking after such a trivial, not to say contemptible thing, was to me a matter of surprise, as well as disgust. I began to think, surely, I have mistaken his character. He can not be that noble-minded, self-denying, devoted young man I had supposed.

After half an hour or so my friend came in. It was now nearly time for service to commence. The worshipers were already beginning to assemble. It was certainly no time for joking, nor, perhaps, for conversation of any kind, unless strictly religious. But I could not refrain. His having spent so long a time in search of an article which, in its best estate, was worth but half a penny, was to me, in itself, ludicrous. "I understand, brother D., you have met with a *severe loss*?" said I in a rather grave tone, and with a look of feigned anxiety. "Yes," said he, in a serious, honest tone of voice, "I have met with something of a loss." His serious bearing increased my surprise. "Do you think," said I, "that you will survive such a serious calamity? You will certainly have the sympathy of all your friends, which will make the loss seem less severe."

He looked at me in a manner, and with an expression I can not describe, making little if any reply. I continued, "You do n't use it, do you?"

He replied, that he did. "I am surprised that you could have used it for weeks, when we have been together so much, and I not have known it." The conversation closed, and public service commenced. Our congregation was composed of

some twenty-five or thirty persons, including men women, and children, being nearly the entire population of the neighborhood. At the close of the sermon we had class, my friend being the leader, *pro tem*. After the congregation had dispersed, the good lady of the house soon had the table spread with plain, substantial food, and we sat down to refresh the outward man. While partaking of our frugal meal, the subject of the lost treasure was incidentally alluded to by some one, and I soon learned that I had made an egregious blunder; my friend, instead of having lost a pipe, had lost a treasure of untold value.

Imagine my mortification! What could I say? I tried to apologize, but the more I tried the worse I made it—the more keenly I felt my shame! It is true, it was only a mistake, and mistakes have been made by the best of persons. Yet this was but little relief. The idea of having judged my friend wrongfully, and having made so light of his loss, produced a feeling in my mind which I have no language to describe! When I learned, however, that the mistake was on the part of my host, that he really told me that the brother had lost his pipe, it brought me some relief.

Now I have tried to turn this little circumstance to useful account, and others may do the same. Suppose my friend and I had never, after the first conversation, alluded to the subject of the lost treasure—I never could have met him or thought of him without the image of the lost pipe coming up before my mind. I should have seen him slowly walking along the street, with anxious look, spending a half hour of precious time in search of so contemptible an object. I should have seen him stealing away in some secluded spot—a rare virtue with smokers—to quaff the sickening fumes of the weed.

On the other hand, he never could have met me or thought of me without strange emotions. His lost treasure, precious beyond expression, the gift of a praying mother, would have come up in connection with my unaccountable and unpardonable trifling. Add to this what is not at all impossible; my friends might have been made acquainted with the singular story of the lost pipe, thus, perhaps, sinking my friend in their estimation. On the other hand, his friends would hear the strange tale of my jesting, thus placing me in an unenviable light.

The result, however, of this circumstance unexplained, would have been harmless compared with instances that might be mentioned. How common, when we see or hear what to us seems improper or inexplicable, instead of being frank and learning the facts in the case, to whisper it abroad! Then it is re-whispered, with something added, till, in its peregrinations, it loses its ident-

ity, and the original relater could scarcely recognize a single feature of the incident. Stories, in the mouth of gossips, never lose any of their ugly points, while the beautiful diminish or grow dim. Strange misconceptions spring from the most trivial causes. Almost every broil in families, in neighborhoods, and I will add in Churches, grows out of this want of *frankness* and mutual understanding. A few words of explanation in the outset would prevent the whole trouble. How easy to extinguish a fire when first kindled! how difficult if left till the flames spread!

While memory lasts I shall not forget the story, not of the lost pipe, but of the lost *Bible*.

#### LABOR; OR, STRIKING FOR HIGHER WAGES.\*

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

##### CHAPTER V.

**O**N the following morning, as soon as Mr. Franklin had gone to his office, Nelly made her appearance in the back parlor, where her mistress sat sewing.

"If ye plaze, ma'am," she began in a voice that was not quite firm, "can I speake with ye a minute?"

"What is it, Nelly? Any thing wanting for the store-room?"

Mary's pleasant voice and manner had never been without their effect on her servants, and Nelly was now half persuaded by them to give up her foolish project, but she remembered her conversation with Hannah, and proceeded.

"It's sorry and loth I am to vex or throuble ye, and you so gintle and kind always, but if you could pay me wages and let me go at once I would be comfortable."

"Ah! that is it. You wish to leave me."

"O! thin, it goes to me heart, mistress, but it's not for the like o' me to think o' me own comfort here, and the ould folks away in dear Ireland nadin the betther pay I can get."

Nelly put her apron to her eyes as she spoke.

"I thought your parents were dead, Nelly?"

"Shure, that they are. An' who is to find bread for the frindless babes they have left, barrin' their own sister?"

"So you can get higher wages than I pay you, Nelly?"

"Yes, ma'am. Though for meself sorra a thought of the gain would move me at all. I would serve ye for nothin' and take me pay from the store sooner than lave ye."

"But I hope you do not think me so selfish as to ask you to stay here if you can do better else-

where. You have been a good, faithful servant to me, and I hope I have not been an unkind mistress. If you need any testimonials as to your ability as a cook, you can refer to me at any time. I shall be ready to give you a good character, Nelly."

Nelly's ruddy cheeks blanched pale with dismay while her mistress so readily gave her permission to leave. There was not a word about the great personal inconvenience of losing her on so short a notice, nothing about the impossibility of sparing her till the great dinner should be over. She felt great sobs swelling in her throat and almost choking her as she thought that another would fill the easy place where she had been so happy. How could she leave it? Was there no way to delay going? If a few days' respite could be gained something in her favor might turn up. She watched Mrs. Franklin as she counted out the money due to her with brimming eyes, and her voice shook with suppressed feeling as she again addressed her.

"If a few days more would be any convenience at all, ma'am, I would n't mind staying on a bit, or if—"

"No, Nelly," replied her mistress, who had been thoughtfully regarding her, "it would be wrong for me to consult my interest before yours. You are at liberty to leave directly if you wish."

"An' the masther?"

"I will explain your sudden good fortune to him. He will be glad to hear of your prosperity."

Just then the door-bell rang, and Mary rose to receive the visitors. There was no excuse for Nelly's lingering now, nor could she do so upon any decent pretext.

"Good-by, ma'am." The apron now hid a really-tearful face.

"Good-by, Nelly."

Nelly escaped from the room just in time to avoid the ladies who were entering. She ran up to her own neat little room, and, having locked the door, sat down on her trunk and cried with hearty good will. It was no gentle, lackadaisical weeping fit in which she indulged, but a noisy, convulsive boohooing worthy of a whipped schoolboy, interspersed with characteristic lamentations.

"Och! the big woe it is! the daft fool I am, shure! An' did n't the masther rade but this blissed morning o' the wicked fleeing before no man at all, an' wi' niver a thought o' my being oop to that same! Its rinning away I am, and chased by nobody. Och me! an' what shall I do for meself noo? Not a sowl in all the big city to care for me; neither kith nor kin, barrin' me father's ould aunt, cross Norah. An' she were

\* Concluded from page 11.

a bit more for pace and for family love, 't would coom asy, but she 'll rise," said poor Nelly, desparingly, "like ashes from a phenix whin she hears o' this double-drawn folly."

Nelly had often listened to her master's reading, and had been greatly struck an evening or two previous by an allusion to the recuperative powers of the phenix, which allusion she had nicely stored away in some corner of her memory ready for future use. "There's small use in wapin," she said at last, "I might greet till forever, an' me head get so dry as a herrin', an' it must coom to cross Norah at last."

"Ah, Miss Mary," said Jenny to her mistress as they worked together in the kitchen after Nelly's departure, "you would have pitied her. She had cried till she was a perfect fright, and her eyes nearly swollen together, and she clung to my neck and sobbed till I sat down and cried too. There is some good in her yet, Miss Mary."

"I do not doubt it, but I could not lower myself to submit to her plans without doing her a positive injury. She will learn a good lesson, and I will trust you, Jenny, to look after her till she gets a new place."

#### CHAPTER VI.

The dinner went off finely; and so perfect were all the different dishes that Mrs. Franklin was several times complimented by her guests upon the possession of a rare cook. Mr. Franklin himself was unusually pleased as he tasted the excellence of the various courses. "Nelly shall have a new dress to pay for this," was his inward resolve, "for she is, in truth, a treasure."

Mary herself found but little pleasure even in noting her husband's satisfaction, for her tireless enemy, a nervous headache, had come, though an unbidden guest, to take revenge for the unusual exertions she had made. In the old times with her aunt she could have borne far greater labor with scarcely a sense of fatigue, but the enervating influence of fashionable life had robbed her of the elastic vigor of youth, and she now bid fair to add another name to the list of genteel invalids.

Mr. Franklin noticed with alarm her languid looks and the painful efforts she was obliged to make to entertain the company, who seemed, one and all, to be seized with a sudden enthusiasm for music, and he was uncourteous enough to be glad that another engagement called them away early in the evening. As soon as they were gone he insisted on her going to bed at once and allowing him to call a physician.

"No, no, Paul. I am not really ill, only exhausted. These headaches have almost become second nature to me."

"But they come oftener and last longer than they used to do. You are not so strong as you were a year ago. And here is a letter from your father, telling me to watch his 'bird' carefully lest she droop ere his return."

"Let me see it."

"Not now. Wait till your head is better and I will read it to you. Now, if you will not go to bed, let me place you comfortably on the sofa; I will sit by you and be your nurse."

A sigh of relief escaped her lips as her head sank back on the soft pillows, and she realized that she was at liberty to rest. She stole sly glances occasionally at her husband as he sat by her side bathing her head and loosening her long hair, and she wondered what he would say if he suspected the cause of her unusual prostration. After a while a dreamy forgetfulness stole over her senses, and then he was rewarded by seeing her sleep quietly. Placing a screen so as to shade her eyes, he had just lighted a small lamp and established himself with the evening papers in a large easy chair, when the parlor door suddenly opened, and Nelly Shergold bounced into the middle of the floor and fell on her knees, weeping and wringing her hands in great distress. Mary started from the sofa with a scream of terror.

"Goodness, Nelly," said Mr. Franklin, angrily, "what ails you? Do n't you know that your mistress is ill? Be composed, Mary. Lie down, and try to sleep again. Why, how you tremble! It's only Nelly!"

But Nelly's sobs grew louder, and it was evident that she must be attended to before quiet could be restored.

"Get up, Nelly," said her master, "and tell us what ails you. And stop this clamor," he added, as her confused blubbering nearly drowned his voice, "or we shall get a visit from the police. Get up!"

But Nelly utterly refused to get up or to be quiet till "the matter was righted."

"Nonsepe, Nelly. Get up like a good girl, and tell us what troubles you. We are your friends, and will help you if you need it."

Her evident distress awakened his sympathy.

"Nade it!" she exclaimed, "nade it, do ye say? An' me without a place to hide me head in all this waste howlin' Ameriky!"

"What does she mean? What are you laughing at, Mary? Tell us what you mean, Nelly. Do n't you like your place?"

He looked from his wife to Nelly in some perplexity, for Mary's amusement was as unaccountable as the girl's distress.

"It's niver a place at all, yer honor, but a mane lie intirely. O! thin, shure ye 'll not be

asther blamin' me, masther dear, for the lying blood that rins in me veins o' itself. It's Tim Shergoold's own cousin to me, if he's dead, an' the same is the big liar, yer honor, bating all Ireland, an' its cross Norah, bad luck to her, has been the death o' me sinse I left."

"Who is cross Norah?"

"An' who should she be but me father's own aunt? The ould haythen!"

Utterly confounded, Mr. Franklin turned again to his wife, who was trying in vain to suppress her tears or her laughter.

"I believe she is crazy, Mary. And you are nearly so. Do find out, if you can—"

"Crazy!" interrupted poor Nelly, "an' faith it's that same has made me over intirely. I'll work for ye, mistress, dear; I'll be yer bound slave and niver mintion the pay. I'll serve ye on me knees, an' ye'll take me in again. Och! woe for me! the big fool I've been!"

"Nelly," said Mrs. Franklin, as soon as she could command her voice, for, in spite of her illness, there was something so ludicrous in the girl's appeals and her husband's ignorance of their cause, that she could scarcely speak without laughing, "Nelly, do I understand that you wish to take your old place here?"

"Och! do n't I?"

"I have not yet had time to look for another cook; and as we have always been satisfied with you, you can return whenever you wish. Your wages, of course, will be the same that we have always paid you. You know the terms, and—"

"Niver speake o' the wages, plaza. May all the saints in heaven bless you for one of themselves shure! May the blessed Mary herself—"

"There, there, that will do. I see how grateful you are. You can take your old room and your old place. Now go down into the kitchen like a good girl and let me rest."

"O, thin, the blessings o' all—I mane—it's the nice asy place I've got ony how, an' niver to lave till I'm carried out in a musket," said Nelly, alluding to the custom of burying the dead in caskets.

#### CHAPTER VII.

Nelly being disposed of, Mr. Franklin very naturally turned to his wife for an explanation of the scene.

"You look so surprised, Paul," she said, the mischief in her eyes still shining.

"I am a little. What mystification are you practicing? I did not know that Nelly had been away."

"She left on Tuesday. I accidentally overheard her telling an acquaintance that she was going to pretend to me that she was about to

leave us in order to get higher wages. She had found out by listening our intention to give this dinner party, and naturally supposed that I would succumb rather than to lose her at such a time.

"To be sure. The very time for a strike. It is almost a pity that so fine a scheme should be overthrown. But how did you manage?"

"O, I readily gave her permission to try the new place with superior wages."

"And there was no such place?"

"None, unless at cross Norah's." He joined heartily now in her laugh.

"It's a perfect comedy, Mary. I only wish I had been here when she gave her warning."

"You would have been greatly amused."

"But the dinner, Mary. You have not filled her place. Who cooked the dinner?"

"I did."

"You, Mary? What an absurd idea!" It was a very incredulous look that his face now wore.

"It is true, nevertheless. And you found it very nicely done, did you not? Confess, Paul, that you will prize me as highly if I own to a practical knowledge of housekeeping arts."

"You are jesting, Mary. You have not been situated so as to learn these things, and I like you quite as well without them, though I will own that during the late panic I have often thought that many a tottering house might have been saved had the ladies of the household been trained so as to wait on themselves. In the emergency such training must have proved invaluable."

"And just such a training, Paul, did I receive from my wise aunt Caroline. You look amazed. My father's prejudices hid my attainments under a bushel, and your opinions have kept them there."

"And you really cooked that dinner?"

"Yes, indeed I did. Are you not delighted that I was not obliged by my ignorance to yield to Nelly's plans? Acknowledge, if you please, my aunt's wisdom and my usefulness."

"I should be more ready to do so if I did not see you suffering from the consequent fatigue."

"That is a trifle. A little more of the same kind of fatigue would give a healthy tone to my nervous system, and I should not be so easily exhausted. At aunt Caroline's my health was perfect. I am indebted to my aimless, useless life for all my genteel maladies. Now, Paul, you work hard every day. Why should I be idle? 'Six days shalt thou labor,' is God's command. Why should I evade it?"

"Let me think of it, Mary. It seems so strange to think of your working."

"English ladies work. Those of high rank are

not ashamed to engage in gardening or household avocations. They have their reward in robust health, while we, puny American dolls, are mere skeletons in the house."

"I think you are right, Mary. And I begin to understand, what has been truly a mystery to me, the secret of our success in life. Your hidden knowledge has directed our domestic machinery and secured the clock-like regularity so essential to me as a business man. I have often wondered how it should cost others with the same apparent needs so much more to live than it does us. There is Charles Olmstead, with only his wife, vainly trying to live on twice the income that we expend. And in our home not a comfort is lacking. You see, Mary, that I am becoming quite an enthusiastic convert to your theory, yet you must not look grave if I insist on reserving your skill as a cook or housemaid to seasons of emergency like the present."

"Ah, Paul, what obstinate prejudices cling to your sex!"

"It is not prejudice that influences me in this. You would not dispense with the servants, and would not wish to do their work for them."

"But I do wish them to know that I understand what they should do, and that I can rely upon myself in time of need."

"Well, well, manage them as you please. I, at least, shall be sure that there is an efficient hand at the helm. Is your head better?"

"The pain is entirely gone, frightened away by Nelly's entrance, I think."

"Then you shall hear your father's letter."

It was a long letter, eight pages closely written, giving all the details of his journey and his business, and ending with this paragraph:

"I have enjoyed myself so much better since I again entered upon active life that I truly look upon our financial embarrassments as a blessing. Our real wants are so few and so simple, that I am often astonished at our ingenuity in crowding so many artificial needs into one brief existence. I have learned one lesson that I should have mastered in my boyhood, that only in the exercise of the faculties given us by the Creator can we find happiness. An aimless, selfish life is, of necessity, a gloomy one. Mary will be surprised to read such sentiments from my pen, but there is nothing like adversity to remove the scales from our eyes and to restore the sight. She has been educated to be self-reliant. I am learning that lesson in my old age."

Joyful tears shone in Mary's eyes as she listened. "Let us begin life anew," she said. "Let us free ourselves from the thralldom of popular opinion, and seek our happiness in the walks of usefulness."

Her husband's kindling eyes and cheeks responded to the sentiment she uttered, but his tongue, perverse advocate of a false creed, only said, "You are too pretty for a mere drudge, Mary."

### BE STRONG.

BY GEORGE LANSING TAYLOR.

O, BROTHER in sorrow, cheer up and be strong,  
And gird thee afresh for the fight!  
Though the storm may be fierce, and the struggle be  
long,  
Yet morning shall pay thee with sunshine and song,  
For the strife and the gloom of the night.

O, shake off this incubus! Thou hast a *will*  
That can cope with adversity's power.  
The pulses immortal that stir in thee still,  
Time's sorrows can check, but they never can chill;  
Thou wert born to a loftier dower.

Thy spirit! thy spirit! Jehovah's own child!  
Shall it cower at misfortune or hate?  
Shall it brook the control of base passions run wild?  
Shall it stoop to the dust, by brief pleasure beguiled?  
Shall it quail at the malice of fate?

Shall the wreck of thy substance, for which thou hast  
wrought,  
Cause the rest of thy soul to depart?  
Shall the scorn of the proud, whose esteem thou hast  
sought,  
And perchance at expense of thy manhood hast  
bought,  
Now stick like barbed iron in thy heart?

Shall the falsehood of friends or the fierceness of  
foes  
Cause the nerves of thy courage to quake?  
Shall the silence of Envy thy weakness disclose?  
Shall the hisses of Jealousy mar thy repose?  
Or thy calm magnanimity shake?

Shall venom-tongued Slander provoke thee to turn  
In wrath thy tormentor to find?  
Nay, rather walk on in thy calm unconcern,  
Till the world, as it will, thy integrity learn,  
And thy foe to contempt is consigned.

Be a man! Be a Christian! Be strong, brave, and  
true!  
And stoop not to meanness or fear;  
There's a power in the truth that can bear thee safe  
through,  
That can make thee a hero to dare and to do,  
And give thee the glance of a seer.

Thou shalt learn, if thy trust is in heaven and the  
right,  
That wrong shall assail thee in vain;  
That the storms and the darkness of earth shall grow  
bright,  
And through blackness and woe thou shalt walk on  
in light  
Till the city of God thou shalt gain.

## BY-GONES.\*

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

## CHAPTER IV.

THE next day was Sunday. The morning was long and dull, my books were stale, the thought of Friends' meeting intolerable, and the stillness of the house oppressive.

After dinner, more from habit than with any definite idea of relief, I went to Mrs. Greenwood's. She was so kind that I told her my whole course of love. The revelation caused neither surprise nor wonder. I myself was most astonished.

"I saw it from the first," she said calmly, "when the tale was told. Every one has such an experience. You did not love Helen."

"I did"—I sprung up hastily—"I did love her as I never shall again."

"That sentiment, passion, call it what you will," she went on, without heeding the interruption, "can only come from appreciation of qualities of heart and mind *really* admirable. All, or nearly all, you know of life has been learned from books, and you gave Helen the virtues of all the heroines in your recollection. You were fascinated by your own imagination, not by the real Helen, who is selfish and intolerably vain. I have heard her boast of her income and unblushingly parade her conquests."

I winced at the word "conquests," but Mrs. Greenwood continued:

"Had you married her, charm by charm would have fallen from around her, and the woman revealed herself contemptible and ignorant as she is beautiful. At school, where Mary became acquainted with her, she studied nothing but French and music, in which you know she really excels."

"I know it to my heart's sorrow," I said pathetically.

"To your good—to your good, rather. You will not forget the lesson in a week. But in that time you will be surprised at your own indifference, and in a year the whole will be forgotten."

"Never—never—never!" persisted the stricken lover.

"Every one has such an experience. I am no exception. I was an only child. My mother died while I was an infant. My father was a stern, money-making man, who rarely noticed me, so that I grew up without restraint or control. Our house was on the Hudson; and in a high garret, filled with broken furniture, cast-off clothes, and the like, I spent whole days listening to the flow of the river and reading the raw-head-and-bloody-bones stories of Mrs. Radcliff. I pored over the books till I sometimes looked round, ex-

pecting to see a captive knight start up in one corner, or a rusty dagger and blood-written manuscript drop out from the old rubbish.

"My father had a young clerk, pretty and polite, superintending the farm, called Theodore Jones. For the sake of the first name I forgave the last, and sighed to become Mrs. Theodore Jones. We met secretly, and went through the usual vows; after which I wasted a great many tears fancying myself a persecuted Amanda or Adeline, and Theodore a happy combination of the 'Three Spaniards' and 'Thaddeus of Warsaw.' He was detected in a forgery and fled to Texas. Madame de Staél was right when she said romantic women love trouble. I was exalted to a heroine, and in my lofty garret pined for a carrier dove to waft my thoughts to Theodore Jones. I tried to cherish my love for the lost one, but it was impossible—there had been no love. In three months all but the bare recollection had melted away.

"My next was the dream that comes but once." She paused, and her brown eyes dimmed a moment at the remembrance. "It was nearly nineteen years ago. In every respect but one he was my equal. He was poor—my father owned the richest farms on the Hudson. It was the old story—the course of true love never did run smooth." Under an elm-tree in the yard we also had secret meetings. These were foolish—perhaps wrong—but the dearest remembrance of my youth is that bright, brief season. It can come but once; no after love can restore the fervor and trust, the freshness and bloom of the first.

"We were discovered, and he removed to New Orleans. A few months afterward a newspaper announced his death. Sometimes I think it as well. I was young, and might have been deceived. There are few marriages that realize the golden promise of youth and hope. Very few husbands after a lapse of years watch her step with the care of a lover, and because there are bounds to language sit by her silent trembling lest death may divide them.

"All within that period is bound in beauty, as if it were circled with the fabled cestus of Venus, and he dwells in memory under the form of perpetual youth."

She related all this in a manner so tender and motherly, with a satire so delicately insinuated, that it soothed my wounded vanity while it weakened my faith in the durability of my own position. I began to think that *possibly* after many years I might be tempted to love another.

"Are there no happy marriages?" I asked.

"A few; but those only where there is a current of strong, good sense under the romantic vapor—enough at least to reconcile the lover to

sighing Matilda when she becomes a busy house-keeper or faded mother.

"Yet there is a class who are disappointed less through lack of tenderness than because the daily toils of life, monotonous and unending as the work of Penelope, destroy the poetry of their existence. They are like birds which are songful in youth, but grow silent when they build their nests and tend their young. Their voice is the same, but they are full of care and have no time to sing.

"But to my own history. I pass by the great grief. Soon after, at my father's request, that was but a milder form of command, I married Mr. Greenwood. He was kind—I respected him, and was not unhappy. I read, studied, and tried to improve, and felt that I succeeded. My children were as the well in the wilderness that sprung up for the outcast Hagar. All have means of happiness within themselves, but they will not last, and can not be trusted. I made myself idols, and even as I kneeled found them clay. In a single year Mr. Greenwood and my youngest two children died; and it was only when the storms descended and the floods came I found I had built on the sand. I sprinkled dust upon my head and prayed for death. Like its half-brother, sleep, it rarely comes when sought; and, after a long night of darkness, I beheld the day-spring and the bright and morning star."

Some minutes of silence followed. She opened a drawer in the table by which she sat, took out a little ebony box, and, one after another, displayed a few worthless trinkets.

"This is a weakness," she said sadly; "I know it is, but it is consolation to know that those whom we respect and esteem have had follies like ourselves. It is not less our faults than our virtues that make up the union to which we give the name of sympathy. These are all that remain of the early dream—a lock of hair dulled by years, a withered rose shriveled almost to dust, and a sea-shell forever moaning as if it held an imprisoned spirit."

"I would never have suspected you of this," I said, deeply moved.

"Nor would any one else—not Mary herself. But so it is; were it only confessed we would find in our every-day friends, even those seemingly most sordid and commonplace, some such loitering by the wayside of life. I never failed in duty to Mr. Greenwood, but did not think it treachery to keep these links between the living and the dead."

She slowly replaced the treasures, and after a few more words we parted.

When I reached my room I picked up a book

and began to read, surprised at my own transformation. In her plan of consolation Mrs. Greenwood had shown rare tact. With some suffering she had opened the tomb of her own sorrow, and in it buried my disappointment, and from that day my rejection by Helen Winthrop grew to be the dim remembrance of a troubled dream.

#### CHAPTER V.

A few months after the events of the last chapter my cousin Mary was married, and to her great delight Mercy Thorne was one of the invited guests. It was the first wedding she had ever attended, and the ceremony seemed to impress her deeply. She lost not a word or incident. The affair was fine, the crowd brilliant, and the costumes unexceptionable; yet the child was not awed or dazzled, but as if it were an allegory or a mime she appeared absorbed by its *moral*.

On the way home she maintained a steady silence, and her face, unusually pale, wore a melancholy deeper than usual. In the evening, as was her habit, she sat at my feet reading; the room was profoundly hushed and full of quiet comfort. Suddenly she laid down her book, crossed her hands on her breast, and looked up in my face with a dreamy expression. I had noticed her abstraction, and, curious to hear its cause, laid my volume, page downward, on my knee.

"Joe, tell me, what *is* it to be married?"

"To marry, Mercy?" It was a child's question, and I was puzzled. Such very simple inquiries are most difficult sometimes to the wisest. "To marry is to have a wife, keep house, and raise up children."

"The spirit-part, though," asked the Quakeress, "what is that, Joe?" She knit her brows and looked in the greatest uncertainty.

"The spirit-part?" I repeated. "Let me see—it is to have some one whose love will be to you like the altar of the old Greek temples we read about last night—a place where you can go when all the world shall pursue or forsake you, and know that there can never come harm or danger. It is to have some one who never, day nor night, can be divided from you—who will never speak an unkind word nor think an unkind thought; into whose eyes, as into the blue heavens, you can look and find no cloud to disturb their beauty."

The little girl listened intently; her lips apart, and her cheeks tinged with a soft, pink flush, like that sometimes seen in the heart of a white rose. For the moment she looked really beautiful.

"Yes, but when you grow old, and"—she paused a moment, while the flush on her cheeks deepened—"and the blue eyes get dim, and the flesh

all shrinks to the bones in her hands, like old friend Travis's, and her voice gets cracked and shrill, what then, Joe?"

The picture was not a pretty one, nor was it part of my dream, for when we are young our youth seems perpetual. "What then? After all, it is not the blue eyes that make the heaven, but the soul that comes up to the windows and looks out. It's not the white hand, but the kind touch we love, Mercy." And I laughed at her earnestness as I patted her slender hand that lay upon her book.

"But think of her voice," persisted Mercy, "when it fails, what then?"

"It won't fail, though. My ear will fail with her voice, and it will be the same as when a romantic lover thought it sweeter than 'the sweet south that breathes upon a bank of violets.' But how queer for us to be talking of how things will be when we are married thirty years hence!"

Her face crimsoned, but I heeded it not, and taking up my book read on in silence, while Mercy sat looking dreamily into my face.

"Suppose one of them dies?" she said at length.

"Dies! who?" I asked forgetfully.

"One of those married."

"Why, she waits for him—he will follow her." Heaven was less a reality to me then than a dim, far-away place, where in eternal youth and holiness dwelt all I ever loved.

She shook her head sadly. "Thee forgets, Joe; there they are neither married nor given in marriage."

"Why should there be? When we die there are no hands to join—we become spirits—souls."

The idea was poorly advanced; but it seemed to satisfy her. After a few minutes she let the book slide from her lap, walked to the door, and, looking up to the sky, pointed to the starry diagram familiarly known as "Job's coffin."

"Come here, Joe."

"Why, I thought you were going to bed, Mercy. It is ten o'clock and more—very late."

"Come here," she repeated, without noticing what I said.

I went and sat by her side. "What is it now, Mercy?"

"Look a little above that shiny star; see those four set in so as to make a coffin. That's the gate I shall go through."

Her great earnestness surprised me; at the same time I was moved by the singularity of her idea, and felt as all have felt, that it is painful to hear such things, except from very old or very young people. I answered her tenderly.

"My dear child, why do you talk so?"

"My dear Joe," she replied, gravely taking my

hand, "I don't try to think such thoughts that come to me without study."

"You ought to be in bed asleep."

"But they come to me and won't let me sleep."

"Won't! are you sick?"

"Never had a hard pain in my life. But don't you sometimes think such things?"

"I've no time for them—always too busy. I would be afraid to encourage them as you do. It's all a habit, and may hurt you after awhile; you can easily avoid them by trying to. Go to bed now, and shut your eyes on them. Go, now, and in the morning tell me about it."

She arose reluctantly, but lingered, holding my hand. "Good-night, Joe! What would my life be without thee?"

In a moment she was gone—gone like a ghost—like a little drab-colored ghost.

#### CHAPTER VI.

For a month I was traveling in the south with a gay bridal party. And it was with no small satisfaction I returned to the peaceful house of Phebe Thorne—a peace of which Mercy was the fittest type and embodiment.

My first inquiry was for her when I opened the street-door, and saw Phebe busy about the house, but no little girl at the window waiting for me.

"Mercy's sick," answered her mother. "Soon after thee went away she had a slight attack of fever; she has been poorly ever since. It was so much handier to have her down stairs that I put her in thy room."

I hurried on. Mercy was sitting in a large rocking-chair, her hands folded across her breast, looking old-fashioned and patient as ever.

"You must brighten up now, Mercy," I said, making an effort to be gay, for I was startled by the alteration of her face, "I've brought you something nice." I carried in my trunk and took out some little presents and a box of luscious purple grapes. She seemed pleased, and listened eagerly to my account of the journey.

"Did you get my letter, Mercy?" I asked.

She felt down one side of the chair under the comfort that covered it and drew out the missive. There was not a wrinkle or crease on the envelop; she had even cut round the seal with a pair of scissors, for fear of breaking it. I was half amused.

"Why, Mercy, it wasn't worth so much trouble!"

"Thee can't tell," she replied soberly, as she wrapped it in a handkerchief and tucked it away under the comfort.

"You must hurry and get well—when I go south again I mean to take you with me, Mercy. You shall see magnolias, tulip-trees, and orange-groves with blossoms enough to crown a thou-

sand brides. It's very different from this place, I assure you."

"I would like to go, Joe, but"—she shook her head.

When Phebe Thorne came in she said Mercy had not seemed so like herself in two weeks. But the next day she settled in the same languid, weary way. Sometimes she would rally a little, but after a few minutes relapse into silence again.

Sitting by her side and looking into her fading face I was conscious of a gloomy presentiment; though I said nothing to dash Phebe's confidence, I believed she would never be strong again.

Her disease passed away; she suffered none, yet she grew no better. If they spoke to her of going about she only smiled and looked at her wan hands. She never murmured, and nobody knew exactly what ailed her; it seemed as if she was sinking away because the life was spent—dying of nothing but pure inability to live.

I spent all my leisure time watching and writing in Mercy's room—still scrupulously neat and pleasant, although a sick-room. She wore her same drab dresses, hanging loosely about her wasted form, and to her mother never spoke of dying; occasionally she would tell me of things she wanted me to do when she was gone.

One night—it was the last of November—I came in later than usual. Mercy looked flushed and tired.

"I've waited for thee so long," she said reproachfully.

"I could not come sooner, or I would—you are as well as usual, are you not?"

"O, yes! well as usual," such was her invariable answer.

After tea Phebe came in to prepare for the night. "You need n't mind, I'm going to write till late," I said. "You go and sleep, I will watch her, and if she wants any thing will call you."

She gratefully accepted my offer. When she was gone I shaded the lamp, and Mercy, with her eyes closed, lay back on the pillows of the rocking-chair. It was far into midnight when I laid down my pen. Thinking she had been asleep I softly turned around, and was astonished to find her blue eyes regarding me. "Why, Mercy, have n't you slept any?"

"No, I've been waiting for thee to read to me."

"Well, what shall I read, Mercy?"

"Let it be about the New Jerusalem."

A Bible lay on the table; I took it up and slowly read the sublime revelation.

"Any thing else, Mercy?"

"Not now. But come here, the time is short, and I have something to tell thee." In front of

the stove, and close by her side, I drew my chair. It may seem strange to you that, young as I was, I had no dread of watching alone with the dying girl. Sometimes the approach of death is terrible, but to her it had been so gradual, painless, and she

"So calm and meek,  
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,  
So fearless, yet so tender,"

that I felt like one bidding "God-speed" as she departed to that "better country."

"There is no need of asking if you are ready, Mercy. I know you are," I said, satisfied by a glance that the end was not far off.

"It may seem strange to thee, Joe, but I've always been ready. I thought to have gone before this. I feel like Samuel when he said, 'There am I.' The gates are never closed, and there is no night there," and she feebly raised her hand.

"I have one thing to regret," she added, after a short pause.

"What is it, Mercy? it seems to me you can have nothing of which to repent."

"It is not that." She hesitated, then taking my hand stroked it in the old way. "Joe, this was to have been mine."

I started struck with sudden pain. Like a flash of light her meaning occurred to me, and at the same moment there rushed across my memory a hundred trifling incidents unnoticed at the time, but all now explanatory of her motives and conduct. That she loved me I never doubted, but I never dreamed it was with a woman's rather than a sister's love. I had not asked or expected so much; still I grieved with an honest grief, and hardly knew what to say or do.

"I must tell thee before I go," she said, "how happy thee has made me. I never had playmates; my life, like Undine's before she had a soul, was barren as a desert, but thee came and it blossomed like the rose." Her voice failed, and she leaned back on the pillows.

Every word sounded like reproach. "I have done nothing to deserve this, I have given you so little for it all. Forgive me, Mercy."

"So little!" she repeated with her grave smile; "I've seen thee every day for whole years; thee has read to me, talked and played with me; and this"—she pointed to a slender chain on her neck—"and so many other presents! And then that night, does thee remember? The night after Mary Greenwood was married thee almost said it."

I remembered the idle words, little thinking when spoken that they would be gathered up and treasured away in her heart.

"Put some more coal in the stove, Joe, and wrap that shawl around me."

I did as she directed, and took her in my arms. She lay still a moment, then suddenly looked up in my face, as if for the first time a doubt had crossed her mind.

"Joe, thee does love me, doesn't thee?"

She was dying, and I determined not to undeceive her. "Mercy," I said, unconsciously adopting her affectionate manner of speech, "I do love thee," and so I did, but it was as a stricken brother that I bent down and with my lips pressed upon her forehead the seal of the confession.

"I knew it, I knew it, Joe!" and her voice trembled with a tenderness the more touching because so undeserved. "Don't grieve for me too much. If thee can love another—I could not, but may be thee can—marry her. I will go on and wait for thee there, as I've so soften waited in the door at night."

My eyelids fevered with coming tears. "I shall not forget thee, dear Mercy," was all I could say.

"I know it; I'm growing very cold, Joe," and she feebly nestled closer to me, while her voice quivered like a loosened harp-string. "It's a foolish thought, but"—

"Sha'n't I call your mother, Mercy?"

"No, no! it will be over directly, she could do me no good. I was about to tell thee I want them to put me in the white dress thee gave me, and let the chain stay round my neck. There is a hymn I've heard thee sing"—and in a voice faint indeed, but very beautiful, she sung,

"There friends shall meet again,  
Who have loved—who have loved."

The bleak wind wailed around the house, and the old hymn sounded like a dirge.

"Do n't grieve too much for me, Joe," she said, as a drop stirred from no shallow fountain fell on her face. "Now rock me to sleep. Farewell!"

And yet more closely I wrapped the shawl about her, for well I knew the slumber to which I rocked her was the long, dreamless one "He giveth his beloved." Gradually that look, old as the world—all have seen but none may describe it—settled in her face, telling me that she was "passing from us."

The old clock in the kitchen faithfully tolled the hours as they passed; the storm exhausted its strength; the light of dawn crept in at the windows; still the worn-out mother slept and the girl lay in a hush like death, and still I sat by the stove rocking her. The rattle and clang of busy life went abroad in the streets, but I did not hear them. The sun came up over the roofs and a broad bar of light fell across the floor. She opened her eyes and stretched her hands yearningly toward it, and her face changed to

the radiance it wore the night she played the Peri.

"I shall wait for thee, Joe—there is no night there," she said faintly, at the same time folding her hands. Not a struggle marked the flight of the spirit.

Mourn not for the young! The ripple that dies in its first murmuring breaks with a song of joy, but the billow, weary with long wandering, falls heavily moaning on the shore. Had Mercy lived the doom of so many of those who love would have been hers; disappointment would have been the return for all her delicate devotion. She had woven but one garland for the future, and she died before a blossom had been touched or a leaf faded. Her days were "brief but delightful." Loving, trusting, deceived, but not betrayed, she went—saved from sorrow to come.

They buried her in the white dress with the chain about her neck, her hands folded as of old, and a smile, brighter than any ever worn in life, told she was gone where she could forever "sit in sunshine, calm and sweet."

#### MY OWN SPHERE—WHAT IS IT?

BY IMOGEN MERCEIN.

"IT matters infinitely less what we *do* than what we *are*. Under all circumstances the great work of life is ours still—the formation of a heavenly soul within us. If we can not pursue a trade or a science, or keep house, or help the state, or write books, or earn our own bread, or that of others, we can do the work to which all this is subsidiary—we can cherish a sacred and holy temper; we can vindicate the supremacy of mind over body; we can here, as well as in heaven's courts hereafter, reveal the angel growing into its immortal aspect, which is the highest achievement we could propose to ourselves, or that grace from above could propose to us, if we had a free choice of all possible conditions of human life."

"Over what are you sighing, Grace?" asked Mrs. C., as her niece laid down a magazine she had been intently perusing.

"Over the sketch of Mrs. Fry's life and labors, as recorded in the July and August numbers of the Ladies' Repository," answered Grace. "It has had the usual, though, I presume, not the designed effect of such pictures of intensely active moral life—they do not inspirit me at all, but make me sad and despondent. They work by the rule of contrast, and show me what I *am not*, and what I never can be till I feel pressed to the earth with a sense of painful insignificance."

"Only a proof, my love, of the imperfect judg-

ment of youth. You either view such pictures from a wrong stand-point, and do not, therefore, see them in proper light, or, seeing them clearly, you forget that they were not intended to represent you, and, therefore, you look in vain for a likeness. When you visited the daguerrotype gallery in New York, and gazed on scores of countenances, all preserved the same lineaments of which you were conscious; eyes, nose, mouth, etc. Yet, as you did not expect to see your own likeness, you were not disappointed, I suppose."

"That is true, aunt, but I saw many that I would like to resemble, but the impossibility of changing form and feature prevented the wish from forming in any degree of strength."

"And the result is, dear, that you make the best improvement of what personal charms you possess, and, by neatness, taste in dress, and pleasing manners, you endeavor to atone for unavoidable deficiencies, and, doing these, you rest quietly without blaming yourself or being unhappy daily that you can not gain the physiognomy of Mary Queen of Scots, or of some of your own ideals."

"But it is the impossibility, aunt, that quiets me," said Grace, smiling, "only the impossibility."

"Grant that, for it is my strong argument. There have been antecedents of ancestry, place and time of birth, parental connections, and influences, peculiar educational biases, all combined to give each countenance its peculiar stamp—we do not know them, they can not be traced in their hidden connections—over them the individual has no power, and he comes into this world with a physical identity which is his and *only his* amid the myriads of human forms which people the earth's surface. Whether satisfied or not, he looks like himself, and it is his wisdom to make the best of his beauty or his ugliness, and utter folly to lay much stress on the possession or the lack, seeing he can not, 'by taking thought, add one cubit to his stature.'"

"That is all quite plain," responded Grace, "but mental and moral qualities are not as fixed as physical; therefore I do not see the force of your reasoning."

"There is a difference I admit. Your own mental and moral powers are not fixed as to progress or improvement as are your physical features; but there is a point, Grace, at which I am aiming, a little diverse from this. You can no more change your moral and mental identity than you can your physical—you can no more be *another*, in sphere, individual character, and actual duty, than you can in personal form and feature."

"But I can be like another, aunt."

"With modifications, Grace. All Christians are aiming to be like their Lord in moral character; in so far as they approach this lofty standard, they assimilate in affective motives and designs; but position, education, native intellectual power—the different preponderance of various faculties, hereditary influences, home associations, all combine to stamp him, and make him *himself* just as absolutely as multiplied causes stamped his features in their peculiar mold. If this is so, then it is just as foolish and as useless for you to be troubled that you are not doing Mrs. Fry's works as that you do not possess her form and countenance."

"Where is the use, then, of studying and admiring noble characters if I must not even expect to be like them? You lay the ax at the root of all ambition, aunt, while I have always thought we should aspire to attain the highest possible point."

"Again I admit your claim, dear Grace. I say you should aspire to attain the highest possible moral elevation you can reach; but as yet you are inclined to give the outward manifestations precedence of the inward principle, forgetting that an omniscient God can perceive and value the latter, while the former are made dependent on those providential circumstances which it is his prerogative alone to arrange and control. Let me explain more clearly, Grace. We believe it to be the privilege of every sincere Christian to be so fully consecrated to God's service as to be willing to do any thing which the providence of God may indicate to be duty. But God's Church consists of myriads of individuals, who are, primarily, to save their own souls, secondarily to benefit others, and conjointly to subserve plans deep as infinite wisdom and wide as omnipotent power.

"They are to do this as *individuals*. The question is not whether they are strong or weak, ignorant or educated, poor or rich; whether they preach or hear, write books or read them—the simple question is, whether they meet God's will in the sphere where he has placed them in the performance of the personal and relative duties he has assigned them, in the patient endurance of whatever trials he has meted out to them.

"These are very simple truths, dear Grace, but experience and observation have combined to teach me that one half of the talent of the Christian Church is lying dormant, because Christians do not practically grasp the momentous truth, that *their present sphere*, whatever it may be, arranged as it is by Infinite Wisdom, is the *only one* they are now prepared to fill, and the *only one* which the God of the entire Church wishes or expects them to fill, and the *only one*,

but still *the one*—containing one, two, five, or ten talents—for which solemn account must be rendered at the judgment day."

"I do not yet see clearly, aunt, for I am sure you can not mean that I must simply gaze upon these moral pictures with the admiration I bestow on physical beauty, and let them produce on me about the same effect."

"You say truly, Grace, and I will answer you by illustration. Mrs. Fry possessed a combination of advantages seldom bestowed on one individual—loveliness of person, a melodious voice, whose every intonation fell on the ear like sweetest music, wealth and influential connections, a mind strong, cultivated, and comprehensive, capable of originating vast plans, and of influencing others to their performance. To her a noble, peculiar work was assigned, and she did her part well and faithfully. *Without her*, Newgate would not then have been reformed, and every prison in the kingdom reached, nor libraries formed on every coast and in every naval vessel. But mark another point. Grace, for it is equally true. *Without the colaborers* who rose up at every point, Mrs. Fry's wonderful plans would have remained splendid theories, which would have vanished like the gorgeous sunset on which we gazed last evening, and Newgate would not have been reformed. Hundreds of men and women did the work. Repulsive, for it brought them in constant contact with humanity in its most degraded forms. And much of it was very humble work. Listen, Grace! Some women *only served*, some taught children to read, some begged small sums of money, and hundreds more did nothing but weep and pray. What then? The combination of the talents God had distributed among his children wrought these glorious results; and, while only a few names are enrolled on the records of earth, every one of them is written in heaven, and will remain blazoned in the archives of eternity. It required every one of them to make the project whole, and, according to St. Paul, no member could say of another, 'I have no need of thee.'"

"But, aunt," persisted Grace, "this strikes at the root of *all* ambition, and looks like the inertia of the Quietists."

"Ambition in its best meaning," answered Mrs. C., "is the desire of excellence or superiority. I only insist, Grace, that it should be our first endeavor to fill our present sphere perfectly, because that is God's will now. I would still restless desires, earthly ambition, useless imaginations as to what we would do elsewhere. God will take care that the powers of his dutiful children shall find that scope which is best for them, and most for his own glory. Of this we

can not judge; this point we must yield if we would be useful and happy. 'When we see Jesus as he is, we shall be like him'—the clearer views we attain now, the more we become assimilated to him. The same effect in a corresponding degree may be gained by *rightly* studying human excellence now, for we have this peculiar advantage—we may be just as acceptable to God with one or two talents as with five or ten. But surely the expanding human mind may receive encouragement and strength from contemplating excellence on a large scale. It is delightful to see what sanctified humanity can do with every adventitious aid; but do you not remember, Grace, how we turned from the large picture of Othello and Desdemona at the Dusseldorf Gallery, to the smaller one not half its size? they were the same in mode, expression, coloring; the same ideas were expressed, and similar thoughts awakened; it was difficult to decide which we preferred, for artistic power seemed about equally displayed in each. *Perhaps the artist felt the same.* Each beautiful picture was his own work, each—we may suppose—reached his standard of perfection, and, perhaps, *the place they were eventually designed to occupy* was the main reason why two differing only in size were painted at all. Can you not now see, dear Grace, why you may be satisfied and thankful to fill your own sphere? The great Artist has given you two talents that measure the size of the canvas; but your moral nature may be painted in perfect loveliness. The colors may not be as brilliant and showy as some others, but the finest tints and the most perfect finish will not be lacking if you yield yourself to his process and coöperate with his workings."

"I do perceive a truth, aunt, I do learn a lesson," said Grace, earnestly. "Again, '*what can I do?*' shall be my study and my aim."

"But before we attend that tea summons, Grace, I want to sketch another picture for you to contemplate, so very different from Mrs. Fry that it is not hers on a small scale, but, as the other extreme, may exert a similar influence on you who occupy a central position between them both. I mean to show you what a woman without beauty, or wealth, or social position, or influential relations did accomplish in the very humble sphere where God had placed her. We gaze on it as we would on a picture of which *the expression alone* proved the great artist's power; the surroundings being indifferent as to form and color. But if the expression was so intense that we forgot all those deficiencies, perhaps the impression of the painter's power would be as great as if the usual accessories were perfect in tint and number."

"Sarah Martin, of Yarmouth, England, was the daughter of a village tradesman. Having lost her parents at an early age, she became the charge of a widowed grandmother, who was a sincere and lowly Christian. She received the rudiments of an English education in the village school, and at a suitable age learned a dressmaker's trade, on the prosecution of which she was entirely dependent for support. She did not as a child receive and yield to religious impressions, and early youth passed in worldliness and sin, for she evinced a marked dislike to all religions, and even hid her deceased mother's Bible, that she might not be reminded of God's claims. At nineteen years of age she was arrested by the good Spirit, paused, repented, believed, and was forgiven. At once she took a most decided position, and from that time 'her paramount desire was, how she could best be useful to others, and speed upon this earth the cause of God.' In her daily walks she often passed the gaol at Yarmouth. A rude oath or frantic song reminded her of those wretched prisoners, and a desire to benefit them arose within her heart. Of course it did, for she was a Christian. But how? The authorities ought to have done it, the clergy of that village ought to have done it. The Christians residing in Yarmouth who had wealth and talents ought to have done something; but in 1819 there was no divine worship on the Sabbath in the prison, and no respect paid to it in any way. What could she do? This was the question pondered and prayed over. I wish we knew more of her mind's workings at this time—its hopes, fears, conflicts, and victories. But they are not recorded. They resulted in the decision to teach them. How much opposition she overcame in the officers of the prison or in the prisoners is not related. With all the moral courage that made Mrs. Fry so conspicuous, this obscure girl took a similar position among those wretched, hardened outcasts. At first she only collected such as were willing, and read the Scriptures to them. But, as truth made its impression, new desires were awakened, and the prisoners desired to read themselves. This could not well be done on the Sabbath without interrupting her more spiritual efforts—none seem to have been willing to aid her, for the next step was to give up one day in the week from her business that she might have time to teach some of them to read and write. Year after year she steadily pursued these efforts—the result I give in an extract from the Reports of the Prison Inspector as read before the Parliament:

"Sunday, November 29, 1835.—Attended divine service in the morning at the prison. The male prisoners only were assembled. A fe-

male resident in the town officiated; her voice was exceedingly melodious, her delivery emphatic, and her enunciation distinct. The service was the liturgy of the Church of England; two psalms were sung by the whole of the prisoners, and exceedingly well. A written discourse of her own composition was read by her; it was of a purely-moral tendency, invoking no doctrinal points, and admirably suited to the hearers. During the performance of the services the prisoners paid the profoundest attention and the most marked respect; and, as far as it is possible to judge, appeared to take a devout interest. Evening service was read by her afterward to the female prisoners."

"Mark this, Grace. 'This most estimable person has, for the long period of *seventeen years*, devoted all her spare time to these purposes. Since she commenced these charitable labors she has never missed a single Sabbath, besides teaching many of them through the week to read and write. Through her agency the men are instructed in binding books, and cutting out of bone stilettoes, salt-spoons, wafer-stamps, and similar articles, which are disposed of for their benefit. The females are supplied with work according to their ability, and their earnings are paid to them on their discharge. After their discharge, they are, by the *same means*, frequently provided with work till enabled to procure it for themselves.'

"Even this official account does not do her full justice. 'She has been known frequently, after a day of toil and an evening of writing, to record the day's work and expenditure, to stand, cutting out work, till after midnight, or in preparing copy-books for her pupils in the gaol for the next day. The prisoners, when liberated, in many cases were far from being off her hands; for if there appeared the smallest promise of reformation, she sought to cherish it by keeping the individuals in sight; she would follow them to their homes, surprise them at their work, seek out a respectable lodging for the houseless, or for those whose home was a hot-bed of crime; she would entreat a master to admit a servant to his former employment, and persuade others to make trial of some delinquent of whom she thought well; she would write to the distant parents of a liberated prisoner to beg them to receive the returning prodigal; and encouragement was given to the sailor to call upon her on his return from the voyage. These are some of the items of the labors of *twenty-four years*—not executed by a committee, but by an individual, and she by no means of a robust constitution, and, for the greater part of the time, working with her hands for her daily bread.'

"I must here pause, Grace, for want of time. I can not even sketch the glorious, triumphant death scene. It is easier to imagine that than to grasp such a life. 'The love of Christ constrained her.' No voice of fame, no elevation of place, no amelioration of her own circumstances added their cheering power. Undoubtedly she had friends, but even social life was forgotten, and that prison absorbed time, strength, affection, till at forty years of age even life was yielded, and the picture stands complete.

"Now, dear Grace, 'look on this picture and then on this,' study the principle which is the ground-work of both, and remember you are not placed in the position of either. *Perfection in their sphere* was their glory; *perfection in your own* should be your aim. If faithful, then in that great daguerrotype gallery of heaven, your moral picture, of whatever size it may attain, will be as perfect as theirs, bearing your Lord's stamp and image. It will have its own place, will make its own impression, where sanctified humanity in its wondrous individual varieties will be the source of wonder and of joy to pure angelic spirits throughout the cycles of eternity."

#### A PLEA FOR ACTION.

BY T. M. GRIFFITH.

IT was a natural and very beautiful theory of the old philosopher that "all things are in a perpetual flow;" that there is no *being*, but the *becoming* is the universal principle. For there is nothing more striking than the constant activity that pervades the whole system of nature. How astonished would be the scientific world should some astronomer reveal the existence of a star without an orbit—a star that stood motionless in space; that joined not in the march of revolving systems, and chimed not in with the music of the spheres! Still greater would be our surprise at the revelation of a *pulseless* world—a world that teemed not with busy life; where were landscapes that rested in eternal stillness, groves that never heard the sweet melodies of song, and oceans, stagnant and vile, that sent not their waters to the shore; no vernal gales, nor running streams, nor gathering storms to enliven the universal calm. Such a world would the Almighty wipe as a foul reproach from the fair fields of creation. But scenes, more wonderful and terrible than this, deform the universe of *mind*. Around the central sun of all being a few fulfill their destined course, approaching in ever-narrowing circles the divine effulgence; but the unnumbered many exist but as lifeless worlds, or

aimlessly wander off toward the cold and cheerless void, beyond the limits of light and happiness.

And yet compare matter and mind, and see how infinitely superior is the one to the other. This boundless creation, with its complicated systems and profound wonders—what is it? 'T is but the temporary tenement of pure being; one day it shall burst the inclosure and cast it aside as a forgotten garment, and "when the bold, bright stars are dark as death dust," the soul shall but have entered upon its youthful existence; it shall smile above the universal waste, and bid defiance to the elements of destruction. It is then the all-wonderful immortal mind that is sublime in its action. Look at its vast resources of power and means of enjoyment. There is Reason with her boundless stores and precious mines of thought; and there extends the fair realm of Imagination, adorned with ever-varying beauty; and there, too, is Fancy, ever creating her forms of loveliness, spreading a vail over life's forbidding gloom, and spanning every scene of despair with the bright rainbow of hope. Memory says to the past, give up thy precious treasures, thy teachings of wisdom, thy scenes of fadeless beauty, and they come, all glowing with their original freshness. Hope anticipates the joys of a boundless future, and crowds them into a moment of time. As one who stands upon a promontory looks out on the broad expanse of ocean, and back upon a continent teeming with populous cities, while above stretches the deep, mysterious sky, so can the soul view in perspective life's coming joys, survey the past with its thronging memories, and explore an eternity of limitless hopes. How comprehensive is the understanding which takes in all time and all space! We may talk with the sages of antiquity, and be instructed by their wisdom; the heroes of history may thrill us with the recital of the deeds they have witnessed. On its ample page the world, with its stirring scenes, is represented as on a living map. Hence the man of letters is a monarch; the literary world pours its treasures at his feet; the ages yield their tribute at his will; his dwelling is the "palace Beautiful," where Science has reared her massive pillars and Poesy wreathed her never-fading flowers. How mysterious and how sublime are the operations of the human will! Motive, and circumstance, and impulse may determine its destined course, but when once roused in its might, the whole being must yield to its sway. As the rudder may turn the ship, and decide whether it shall proudly ride the waves with all its swelling sails, or take its course among rocks and whirlpools and sink to rise no more, so when a human soul sails out in

life, freighted with heaven-born aspirations and fraught with all the interest that an immortal destiny can give, the will holds the tremendous power, delegated from divinity itself, to say whether the precious craft shall be drawn down the vortex of despair or safely enter the destined port, amid the welcomes of the sons of God. There is something above nature in the exhibition of human passion; not that sensual, aimless passion that belongs to the brute, but the welling up of the feelings from the profoundest depths of the soul, when "the heart's thoughts rise and shake the breast as madmen do their dungeons;" then, could we view the spectacle as Omniscience does, we might see more to interest than in millions of revolving worlds.

But if the soul is great in its stupendous powers, it is no less so in its far-reaching *influences*. As the movement of one planet from its course is felt through all its celestial spheres, so one vibration in the great chord of moral sympathy trembles to its remotest limits. The influences which a rude antiquity sent forth have not yet spent themselves. Leonidas fought more than one Thermopylæ; the spirit of Brutus still animates many a death-blow to tyranny. Each act of the past has drawn a new shade in the advancing gloom, or added a fresh ray to the brightness of advancing truth. Those ancient philosophers, giving vent to their mighty thoughts, and teaching men to think for themselves, little conjectured the power they were exerting. When some obscure genius gives a new thought to the world, how shall we attempt to trace its unending influences? As a comet on its return from a thousand years' journey could tell of central suns, and teeming systems, and deeds of lofty enterprise in distant worlds, witnessed in its flaming course, so in the distant landmarks of the eternal future, should we hail this wonder-working idea, we might hear how it crept into the hearts of thinking men and overthrew their antiquated systems of philosophy; how tyrants quailed before it, and the strongholds of ignorance gave way; how it fomented revolutions, and disinherited millions blessed its onward progress. If such be the ultimate consequences of human effort we can not but deem it the highest aim of life to give them direction and energy.

These vast capacities of power and influence shall *exist forever*. 'T is only in appearance that all things perish, as the forms and uses of matter are continually changing; but all things *spiritual* live, and all their faculties of enjoyment live with them. Ay, as the butterfly springs joyous from its cell, as the freed fountain bursts from its rocky bed, so shall the soul but seek a wider sphere, a more exalted life, when freed from the

shackles of mortality. Here the soul is *limited* in its activities—there

"Eternity

Shall be the play-grounds of its deathless thought."

And does not action become a being intrusted with such high destinies? Shall man,

"Winged by Heaven  
To fly at infinite, and reach it there,  
Where seraphs gather immortality,"

dishonor his high vocation, and choose a life of inglorious ease? The insect may flit away its summer existence among fields of flowers; the brute, devoid of reason, may live alone for the pleasures of sense; but as for man, his character is forming for an endless existence; his capacities are widening for a boundless sphere; his deeds do but foreshadow a doom more lasting than time itself. O, Time! destroyer of kingdoms, destroyer of the earth and of the heavens, at whose touch life becomes death, hearts cease to beat, the ties of earthly bliss are severed, thrones crumble into dust, and all things perishable die,

"The sun himself by thy permission shines,  
And one day thou shalt drag him from his sphere!"

But there is one object destined to escape thy all-destroying hand—

"The soul—immortal as its sire—  
Shall never die."

Should these immortal energies lie dormant, or be called into glorious activity? There are attractions in a life of ease. Indolence has her castle ever filled with the thronging crowd. Through all her enchanted realm there are flowery paths that lead to oblivion, and pleasant arbors that invite to repose; her victims yield to the soothing spell, and sink in dreamy slumber. But Honor dwells not there. He that seeks the highest excellence must *toil* for it with an earnest purpose and a determined will. It is not ease and pleasure, but labor, and conflict, and victory that are noble. To live for pleasure is irrational—to live for *action* is Godlike.

"We live in *deeds*—not years; in thoughts—not breaths.

\* \* \* \* \*

He most lives

Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

The immortal destiny of the soul, the mighty influence of human exertion, the ever-increasing power of thought, as it is "heard in heaven," received on earth, and preserved through eternity, these are incentives to earnest, lifelong effort. What though difficulties lie in the path of success!

herein consists one of the chief glories of existence. It is opposition that nerves the noble soul to conflict, and gives it the joys of triumph. The true hero lingers not in the low vale of ease, but seeks the stormy course, and climbs the rugged heights where honor lies. So the eagle

"Loves not the green valley of flowers,  
Where sunshine and song cheer the calm summer  
hours,  
But the cliff and the gorge, where down plunges the  
foam  
Of the fierce rocky torrent, \* \* \* \*  
Where rages the storm and the lightning gleams;  
\* \* \* \* \*  
There he blends his keen shriek with the roar of the  
height;  
The wrath of the tempest but rouses delight."

Let the youthful being who starts on life's rough course possess a heart to do and dare; let him seek for mental life and moral excellence with earnest toil, by which alone they may be won; then let opposition come, let persecution lower o'er his path, and evil present its fascinating power; friends turn false and foes cast the vileness of their spleen—such obstacles will be but stepping-stones in his march to victory.

#### HEAVEN.

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

LAND of the holy, sweet country of rest,  
O! tell me how far may thy boundaries be:  
Is there no bower in thy borders for me?  
Have I not also some part with thy blest  
Land of the beautiful, country of rest?  
  
I have been told of thy marvelous light,  
Glowing and flowing down from the Supreme;  
I have been told of thy life-giving stream,  
Bordered so sweetly with flowers of white—  
Kingdom of loveliness, home of delight.  
  
Well do I know that the summers I love  
Dwell there forever unshadowed by gloom;  
Royal their presence, unfading their bloom;  
Fain would my spirit thy loveliness prove,  
Fountain of happiness, dwelling of love.  
  
Yet were thy beauty but tinsel and glare,  
Yet were thy summers unwelcome and cold,  
Did I not know that thy sunshine of gold  
Shows its light over souls that are there,  
Clad in the garments the holy ones wear.  
  
However thick darkness may rest o'er my head,  
And dull-visaged Care bear Contentment away,  
Across my sad soul flies thy vision of day,  
And Faith to my heart's secret altar is led,  
With Peace, blest consoler, eternally wed.  
  
Sweet heaven! the thought of thy blessedness falls  
Upon me like rain from the river of life;  
And out of time's bitterness, out of strife,  
My soul, like a bird in the fierce tempest, calls  
For a rest by the side of thy sheltering walls.

#### RESIGNATION.

BY MRS. LOUISA B. ELA.

Sorr on Judea's templed mount,  
Night hushed the voice of song and lute;  
The city of the poet king  
'Neath the young moon slept calm and mute.  
Broad in the flood of silver light  
The cedars cast a lengthened shade;  
Silent save where some hidden fount  
A stilly sound of music made.  
O, beautiful as thoughts of heaven,  
And pure as childhood's rosy dream,  
Can aught of grief or earthly taint  
Lurk 'neath that hushed and holy beam!  
Gethsemane! thy lonely maze  
Saw tears of blood, heard earnest prayer;  
O, well might heaven and earth be mute  
While Godhead kneeled in anguish there.  
  
Alone his anguish, for the loved  
Were weary, and the trusted slept;  
Alone of earth, but angel bands  
Held wondering vigil while he wept;  
And floating from the starry dome,  
Voices of love and strength were given:  
"Endure, O Son of God! and win  
Salvation for the heirs of heaven."  
  
All now is o'er—the clinging dread,  
The agony of mortal woe;  
The holy One triumphant bends,  
Content the Father's will to know:  
"O, Father! thou the cup hast given;  
Thou knowest each pang, each rending groan;  
Thou wilt sustain me in my need;  
Thy holy will and not my own be done."  
  
Brother and friend, teach us thy prayer,  
For many a bitter, briny wave  
May press the brim of sorrow's cup  
Ere it be broken at the grave.  
As loved ones weary by the way,  
And joys are withered one by one,  
O, teach us still like thee to pray,  
"Father, thy will, not mine be done."

#### FRIENDSHIP.

BY KATY CARLISLE.

He is my friend who seeks to know  
And all my pain to bear;  
Covets a share of all my woe,  
Of all my hopes a share;  
Who shields me from the hidden darts  
Of cautious Treachery,  
And foils vile Slander in her arts  
Of setting snares for me.  
O! take away the glitt'ring gold!  
I fear its yellow gleam;  
The worldling's smile is vain and cold,  
And transient as a dream;  
'T would beam, should sunshine gild my way,  
Should Fortune smiling bend;  
But take the gold, and I will pray  
For God's best gift—a friend.

## BLENNERHASSETT'S ISLAND.\*

BY W. B. WATKINS.

**I**N these days of biographies, autobiographies, and "lives and times" of departed celebrities, it is somewhat dangerous to occupy hitherto universally-conceded grounds, else some ambitious author preceding you may have disentombed the subject, and smoothing his asperities, and discovering virtues which the world had been blind enough to call *vices*, he may suddenly convert the traitor into a patriot, and the murderer into a noble-souled benefactor. To reach this desperate goal, old landmarks are displaced, virtue assumes a disgusting wantonness, and innocent personages suffer moral and intellectual depreciation. A work recently issued from the press partakes of this character. In it a futile, though strenuous, effort is made to palliate the crimes of Aaron Burr, and to throw around them a garb of virtue. Waiving all reference to the career of Burr in the United States Army, to his political course and contest with Thomas Jefferson, and his duel with Alexander Hamilton, we shall only incidentally notice his connection with Blennerhassett's Island and its occupants.

"Previously to his retirement from the Vice-Presidency, in March, 1805, Burr had formed the design of seeking a home in the south-west. Little more than a year before Louisiana had been annexed, and then offered a wide field to an ambitious man. Encouraged by some acquaintances, he projected various political and financial speculations. In April he repaired to Pittsburg, and started upon a journey down the Ohio and the Mississippi. On the way curiosity led him to the house of Herman Blennerhassett, and he thus accidentally made the acquaintance of a man whose name has become historic by its association with his own."

Concerning the nativity of Blennerhassett, histories do not agree. Some allege that he was born in England in 1767, and others that he was an Irishman by birth; but all agree in saying that his parents were Irish. He was educated for the bar, though his scientific attainments were not neglected. In subsequent years his experiments in chemistry, and his study of botany and astronomy, served to enliven, and even to render happy, many an hour that otherwise would, in his retirement, have worn heavily upon him.

Some time before leaving his native country, Blennerhassett led to the altar his gifted and beautiful bride, a granddaughter of General Agnew, who was with Wolfe at Quebec. In an eminent degree she possessed many of the qualifi-

cations of a true woman. Setting aside her remarkable personal beauty, which, when combined with a soul imaging forth the rare womanly virtues, is often too lightly estimated; with an intelligence, and even erudition, which are scarcely to be met with, she threw a charm into conversation that universally called forth the encomiums of the favored participants. Reared in the lap of luxury, instructed in all that dignifies womanhood, and in her nature possessing a spice of romance and poetry, she was not long in deciding to quit her native isle for the unknown, and, because unknown, charming, scenes of the middle western world. Judging that in the American forests he would find the solitude most congenial to the pursuit of his favorite studies, and also being strongly imbued with republican principles, Blennerhassett fled from the storms of his own country to find repose and quietness in ours.

In 1798 he purchased and began to make improvements upon the beautiful island now called "Blennerhassett's," situated in the Ohio river, near the mouth of the Little Kanawha, and about two miles below where the town of Parkersburg, Virginia, now stands. This island, as it then appeared, has been variously described, and in all a uniformity is observed in ascribing a rareness of beauty and correctness of taste in its whole appearance. Wirt has thrown around it a beauty only surpassed by that of Eden; and though all evidences of its former glory may fade from the island, this eloquent description, as an imperishable monument, will still remain.

An English traveler named Ashe, who was here in 1806, thus describes the island: "The island hove in sight to great advantage from the middle of the river, from which point of view little more appeared than the simple decorations of nature—trees, shrubs, flowers, of every perfume and kind. The next point of view on running with the current, on the right-hand side, varied to a scene of enchantment. A lawn, in the form of a fan inverted, presented itself, the nut forming the center and summit of the island, and the broad segment the borders of the water. The lawn contained one hundred acres of the best pasture, interspersed with flowering shrubs and clumps of trees, in a manner that conveyed a strong conviction of the taste and judgment of the proprietor. The house came into view the instant I was signifying a wish that such a lawn had a mansion. It stands on the immediate summit of the island, whose ascent is very gradual; is snow white; three stories high, and furnished with wings which interlock the adjoining trees, confine the prospect, and intercept the sight of barns, stables, and out-offices, which are

\* See engraving.

so often suffered to destroy the effect of the noblest views of England."

Alas! that so fair a picture should so soon have been marred—so brilliant a sun should have set forever in the murky cloud of sudden gloom! As we have before intimated, in the midst of all this happiness and peace, Aaron Burr appeared. Defeated in his political aspirations in the east, he projected a magnificent expedition against Mexico, and the establishment there of an empire, which was to include the states west of the Alleghanies; subsidiary to this, and connected with it, was a plan for the colonization of a large tract of land upon the Washita. Introduced to the civilities of the hospitable possessors of the island by the high rank which he had held, "he soon finds his way to their hearts by the dignity and elegance of his demeanor, the light and beauty of his conversation, and the seductive and fascinating power of his address."

"The conquest," continues Wirt, "was not difficult. Innocence is ever simple and credulous. . . . Burr, winding himself into the open and unpracticed heart of Blennerhassett, found but little difficulty in changing the native character of that heart and the objects of its affection. By degrees he infuses into it the fire of his own courage; a daring and desperate thirst for glory; an ardor panting for great enterprises, for all the storm, and bustle, and hurricane of life. In a short time the whole man is changed, and every object of his former life is relinquished. No more he enjoys the tranquil scene; it has become flat and insipid to his taste. His books are abandoned. His retort and crucible are thrown aside. His shrubbery blooms and breathes its fragrance upon the air in vain; he likes it not. His ear no longer drinks the rich melody of music; it longs for the trumpet's clangor and the cannon's roar. Even the prattle of his babes, once so sweet, no longer affects him; and the angel smile of his wife, which hitherto touched his bosom with ecstasy so unspeakable, is now unseen and unfelt. Greater objects have taken possession of his soul. His imagination has been dazzled by visions of diadems, of stars and garters, and titles of nobility. He has been taught to burn, with restless emulation, at the names of great heroes and conquerors. His enchanted island is destined soon to relapse into a wilderness; and, in a few months, the beautiful and tender partner of his bosom, whom he lately 'permitted not the winds of summer to visit too roughly,' we find shivering at midnight on the winter banks of the Ohio, and mingling her tears with the torrents that froze as they fell."

So powerful was the influence of Burr, that soon the entire west was in a state of excitement.

Under various pretenses, and for different ends, men enlisted in this conspiracy. A premature arrest of Burr was made at Lexington, Kentucky, and he was defended by Hon. Henry Clay, having first the assurance, on the *honor* of Burr, that he was engaged in no design against the laws and peace of his country. Although Burr was acquitted, there was an armed force in his service at that time occupying Blennerhassett's Island, and a large number of boats had been built on the Muskingum, and were then at Marietta, laden with provisions and stores.

President Jefferson issued a proclamation denouncing the enterprise and warning the west against it. His proclamation reached Ohio about the first of December, and soon after, by the orders of the Governor of that state, the boats on the Muskingum were seized. At the same time the Virginia militia, of Wood county, lying opposite Blennerhassett's Island, took possession of the mansion of Blennerhassett. The owner, however, succeeded in effecting his escape down the Ohio in one of his boats.

Blennerhassett was subsequently arrested, and during the trial of Burr at Richmond he was placed in the Virginia penitentiary. He was afterward set free, but was nearly ruined in fortune by the advances he had made to Burr.

When the Virginia militia took possession of the island in 1806, the mob spirit ran riot, and great injury was done to the grounds, and the dwelling and its furniture. In 1811 the work of devastation was completed by a fire, which destroyed the mansion.

Such is the mournful history of this once beautiful spot. Of its present appearance, Miss Forbes, from whose sketch the engraving is made, in a private letter says: "It was with mingled emotions of awe and pleasure that I stood on the ground which, but a few years ago, was the theater of such thrilling events. The rank weeds grow, and the young corn moves with a rustling sound on the spot where stood that happy home, and where the pleasant voices of its inmates rang out upon the perfume-laden air, little dreaming of the dark clouds that were even then gathering in the horizon of their future. I thought of the vanity of human hopes, of earth's broken trust, and the short life of all that is most prized on earth, till the sunlight looked sad, and the breezes seemed to say, as they swept over the spot,

'Alas! for life if this be all,  
And naught beyond, O earth!'

The fingers of Time have not been idle. Nothing remains of all the beautiful grounds and buildings but a few stunted fruit-trees, part of a hedge, the ruins of a cellar, out of which grows a tall tree, and a large well, eight feet wide, the

curb or mouth of which is cut from a solid rock. The spot where the house formerly stood is a desolate wilderness of weeds and brush, and the remainder of the ground is covered with orchards and fields of grain. The surface is uneven enough to banish any appearance of monotony. From the Ohio shore its appearance is beautiful. It is covered along the edge with beautiful groves of willow and water-maple, which droop their long branches over the water, forming boweres of shadow—fit haunts for the spirits of the past—while far above the tall sycamore lifts its white arms aloft as if to grasp the quivering sunbeams above. I have seen it at the close of a summer day, when the setting sun was filling all the air with a halo of brightness, lie reflected in the clear, still waters below like an emerald set in gold, and it reminded me of that other island of which we all know, "The Isle of the Long Ago."

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We need not follow Blennerhassett through his subsequent painful vicissitudes. We draw a veil over his sorrowful career. On the Isle of Guernsey, in 1831, wearied with the turmoil of life, he sank to his eternal rest. The hoarse surges that forever beat the island's rock-bound coast, sing his mournful requiem.

A sadder biography is that of his faithful, heart-broken wife. Returning to this country, she preferred claims against the United States Government for spoliations upon their property by the militia, but before the claim could be considered, about thirty-four years ago, in the city of New York, she closed her earthly existence. With Byron she could justly say ere her death,

"My life is in the sear and yellow leaf,  
The fruits and flowers of love are gone;  
The worm, the canker, and the grief  
Are mine alone."

The fire that on my bosom burns  
Is lone as some volcanic isle;  
No torch is lighted at its blaze,  
A funeral pile."

—————

#### DOES THE WORLD HATE PIETY?

In answer to this question Sidney Smith says: "It is not true that the world hates piety. That modest and unobtrusive piety which fills the heart with all human charities, and makes a man gentle to others and severe to himself, is an object of universal love and veneration. But mankind hate the lust of power when it is veiled under the garb of piety; they hate cant and hypocrisy; they hate advertisers and quacks in piety; they do not choose to be insulted; they love to tear folly and impudence from the altars which should only be a sanctuary for the righteous and the good."

#### JOHN CALVIN'S MARRIAGE TO IDELETTE DE BURE.

BY HOW. G. P. DISOSWAY.

CALVIN, the great Reformer, possessed an affectionate heart with strong attachments, although his natural disposition was austere and reserved. He avoided expressions of warm feeling; still among his letters are found interesting notices of Idelette De Bure, and she certainly was worthy of the illustrious man who offered his heart and hand to her.

Calvin, during his youth, entertained no thoughts of matrimony. With no house to shelter his head, he was forced by untiring persecutors to conceal himself sometimes in Angouleme—sometimes at Basle. Preaching from place to place and celebrating the Lord's supper in the depth of the woods or caves, he was also occupied day and night in writing his book on the "Institutions of the Christian Religion." This work was designed to plead before Francis I the cause of his persecuted brethren, who were condemned to horrid punishments. With such heavy burdens, how could he wish to be married?

In 1536 Calvin became Professor at Geneva, thus acquiring a home; but still his labors were great and burdensome. The "Libertines," as they were called, after having broken the yoke and bondage of Romanism, abandoned themselves to the grossest licentiousness. They viewed the Reformation as a license and privilege to disregard all human and divine laws. These men occupying high offices at Geneva, were in the councils of state, and upheld by a vicious populace; and the pious Reformer of the times feared that the best interests of the evangelical faith would be jeopardized by them. Against the Libertines, then, he boldly raised his warning voice, refusing to receive them at the table of the Lord, risking safety and life in the faithful discharge of his duty. This was not surely the moment to seek a wife.

In April, 1538, Calvin was banished from Geneva by the libertine party, when, upon the invitation of the Huguenot refugees, he was appointed their pastor at Strasburg.

Now for the first time marriage seems to have occupied his thoughts, and his friends, especially Farel, the Reformed minister, tried to select a wise and good companion for him. In May, 1539, he wrote to Farel, Calvin then thirty years old, sketching his ideal of a wife: "Remember what I especially desire to meet with in a wife. I am not, you know, of the number of those inconsiderate lovers who adore even the faults of the woman who charms them. I could only be pleased with a lady who is sweet, chaste, modest,

economical, patient, and careful of her husband's health. Has she, of whom you have spoken to me, these qualities? . . . If not, let us say no more." This was the opinion of a great minister and reformer concerning the proper traits for a wife three hundred years ago, and time has not changed their truthfulness, if fashion has.

In another letter to Farel, February 6, 1540, Calvin skillfully eludes a proposal of marriage: "There has been named to me a young lady, rich, of noble birth, and whose dowry surpasses all I could desire. Two reasons, however, induce me to decline—she does not know our language, [she was from Alsace, a German province,] and I think that she is too proud of her birth and of her education. Her brother, endowed with uncommon piety, and blinded by his friendship for me, so as even to neglect his own interest, urges me to the choice, and the wishes of his wife second his own. What could I do? I should have been forced to yield if the Lord had not drawn me from my embarrassment. I replied that I would consent, if the lady on her part would promise to learn the French language. She asked time to reflect . . ."

Wealth, noble birth, and dowries are no obstacles in the way of matrimonial alliances in our day. With Calvin, however, it was far otherwise, for he congratulated himself on not marrying a young lady with a large fortune, but was far from possessing the indispensable requisites of Christian simplicity and humility. There are clerical fortune-hunters, and we have known some. Let such think of Calvin's pious example! He was eminently disinterested, and even a splendid dowry was a small thing in his eyes. If the German lady was not a Christian, of what importance to him would be a rich wife? This is the same Reformer who refused all pecuniary offers from the Sovereign Council of Geneva, scarcely leaving enough to pay his funeral expenses—*fifty silver crowns!*

But a second proposal was made to Calvin; and the lady had not any fortune, but was distinguished for her virtues. "Her praise is in every mouth," he again informs his friend Farel, June, 1540. But something unfavorable occurring, he writes: "I have not yet found a companion: is it not wisest to abandon my search?" The bold Reformer for the truth seems to have been reserved and timid in the little things of common life. He somewhere says, "I am of a shy and bashful disposition; I have always loved quiet and I seek concealment. I know that I am naturally timid, soft, and pusillanimous."

An unexpected incident changed his resolution, which he seems to have formed, of remaining single. Idelette De Bure was a pious lady

in Strasburg—a widow—whose time was spent in training the children, by her first husband, John Storder, an Anabaptist. He was a Protestant Hollander, born in the little town of Guelders, and sought refuge from violent persecutions in the capital of Alsace. This lady was also recommended to Calvin's attention. There was nothing very attractive in her appearance—incombedered with several children—she had no fortune—dressed in mourning, and not particularly handsome. But for John Calvin she possessed the best treasures, a tried and living faith, a pure conscience, with strong and holy virtues. She had courage to bear with him in exile, poverty, even death itself for the truth. Such were the noble and holy qualities which won the affections of the great Reformer, and such should ever captivate the heart of the truly wise, noble, and good.

In September, 1540, the nuptials were performed, Calvin then thirty-one years and two months old. There was no pomp—all was calm and grave, which best suited the profession and piety of the marriage parties. As a striking mark of their attachment to the devoted Reformer, two of the Swiss Consistories sent deputies to the wedding at Strasburg.

Calvin was a native of Picardy in France, educated and ordained for the Romish Church, but separated from her communion in 1534. The French persecutions obliged him to seek safety in Switzerland. In 1541, the year after his marriage, he was recalled to the Church of that city. Here he continued with the greatest esteem, credit, and influence till his death, establishing not only the doctrine called *Calvinistic*, but the original rigid system of *Presbyterianism*.

In the last will of the Genevan Reformer he uses this language: "I give thanks to God, that, taking pity on me, whom he hath created and placed in this world, he hath delivered me out of the deep darkness of idolatry, into which I was plunged, and hath brought me into the light of his Gospel, and made me a partaker of the doctrine of salvation, whereof I was most unworthy. And he hath not only gently and graciously borne with my faults and sins, for which I deserved to be rejected of him and cast out, but . . . both vouchsafed to use my labors in preaching and publishing the truths of his Gospel. And I witness and declare, that I intend to pass the remainder of my days in the same faith and religion . . . And with my whole heart I embrace the mercy which he hath exercised toward me for Jesus Christ's sake, recompensing my faults with the merit of his death and passion, that satisfaction might be made by this means for all my sins and crimes, and the remembrance of them be blotted out."

## WHOM THE LORD LOVETH HE CHASTENETH.

BY SARAH E. WOODWARD.

THOU knowest, O my Father! yes, thou knowest  
The sadness that my aching bosom fills!  
There's not a sorrow comes but what thou givest!  
No bitter, but thy loving-kindness wills!

My tears, as each one falls, are numbered ever;  
Each sigh is noted by thy gracious eye;  
Each hour of trial shall my spirit sever  
From earthly things, and draw it to the sky.

My Father, 't is thy loving-kindness mingles  
The cup of life which I am drinking here;  
Thy hand it is which for my spirit singles  
Each taste of joy and hope—of grief and fear.

And, Father, 't is thy tender hand that leads me  
Along the path that I shall tread below.  
Why should I fear, though twilight close around me!  
Why, though the shades of night to blackness grow!

Is not my guide my God, the all-powerful One?  
Has not my leader trod the same dark way?  
Will not my Savior end the work begun,  
And bring me to the land of perfect day?

My Father, now in this my perfect weakness,  
Give me strength equal to each trying hour;  
O make my spirit bow in purest meekness  
To learn this lesson, by thy mighty power!

Help me by faith to conquer every feeling  
Which would oppose whate'er thy love prepares;  
And in each trial, O thyself revealing,  
Do thou, my Savior, chase away my cares!

## BE KIND TO THE ERRING.

BY MRS. MARY JANE PHILLIPS.

THERE'S not a desert drear and bare,  
But hath some sweet oasis green,  
Where flowers bloom in beauty rare,  
Though they may "fade and die unseen."  
So not a heart, however dark  
It may be stained by crime's black dye,  
But hath within some little spark  
Of kindly glowing sympathy.

But cold neglect and cruel scorn  
Oft crushes, though it may not kill,  
The feeling heart by nature warm,  
And all its kind pulsations chill.  
Ah! if their tho'ts to us were known,  
And we could see the heart's wild dearth,  
We sure would speak in kindly tones  
To the frail, erring ones of earth.

We'd take them gently by the hand,  
And lead them on in virtue's way;  
Pointing up to the better land—  
To the realms of endless day.  
And our reward, what would it be?  
Far richer than a diadem—  
Brighter than pearls from out the sea,  
More precious than the opal gem!

For Christ hath said the gracious words—

And what reward can greater be?—  
"If ye have done it unto them,  
Ye've also done it unto me."

## HYMN.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

FATHER, teach me how to praise thee  
With a glad, upspringing soul;  
Help me, precious Elder Brother,  
From my life the stone to roll.

Thou art leading o'er the mountains  
Scented footsteps of the spring,  
And the earth with thousand voices  
Sweetest praise aloud doth sing.

But my soul's poor wings, supinely,  
Droop amid these glad spring days,  
When she should be soaring, singing,  
Self-forgetful, all thy praise.

Lift me from the mists and shadows,  
Set me free from doubt and fear;  
O to hear thee say, "I love thee!"  
O to know that thou art near!

Sense hath agonizing yearnings  
For some outward word or sign;  
Let me feel thine arms about me—  
Let me hear thee call me thine.

Take from out my heart the anguish  
Of these long-drawn evil days;  
Lift me up and whisper to me  
How to sound abroad thy praise.

O, my God! I long to praise thee  
With a glad, upspringing soul;  
Father, Elder Brother, aid me  
From my life the stone to roll.

## "GOING HOME."

BY CYNTHIA A. OSBORN.

SWEET words! yet their sweetness few could tell,  
To the one from whose pale, thin lips they fell.  
"Home!" and she pointed with wan, white hand  
And earnest eye to the better land.

"Going home, where sun nor moon need light  
Its golden streets that are ever bright;  
Where cloud cometh not, nor weeping showers  
Shall shadow the sky of its blessed bowers.  
Tears are not there, glad songs are not hushed;  
The heart of anguish is never crushed;  
Straying and sinning are never known,  
For the soul is filled with love alone.

Flowers wither not, Death is not there  
To blight with his breath that region fair—  
The glory and bliss, I can not tell,  
Which in their loud anthems burn and swell.

Going from earth and its fading flowers,  
From its scenes of care and its weary hours;  
Pray do not weep, for you soon will come—  
I'm going, how happy, I'm going home."

## THE PIONEER BISHOP.\*

BY REV. JOHN F. MARLAY.

THE heroic age of Methodism abounds with material capable of being wrought, by skillful hands, into stories of thrilling interest. That the scattered and fragmentary records of that period are now carefully gathered by affectionate hands, and thus rescued from total oblivion, should call forth the liveliest thanks of those who inherit the rich spiritual patrimony bequeathed by our fathers. Even at this distance from the time of which we write, the remarkable labors and unexampled successes of the pioneers in the great Methodistic movement would be almost wholly incredible, but for the undoubted fidelity with which they have been incidentally recorded.

Francis Asbury, the first Protestant bishop in America, contributed more probably than any other man has done, to establish Methodism in the new world. And it has been a standing reproach against the Church, that no suitable memorial of his life and labors has ever been given to the public. This reproach is now, we believe, removed effectually by the publication from which we derive the materials for this sketch—a very beautiful volume, typographically, and written by one whose long and successful literary career is a sufficient voucher for the ability with which his labor has been performed.

Asbury was born in the year 1745, in Staffordshire, near Birmingham. His parents belonged to the solid "middle class" of English society, were respectable and pious, and in such circumstances as to furnish their son the best educational facilities accessible. But the cruel pedagogue, under whose care he was placed, treated him so unmercifully that it was found necessary to remove him from school.

As early as his sixth year he commenced reading the Bible, and, as he himself tells us, "was greatly delighted with the historical portions of it." After leaving school he went to reside in a wealthy and fashionable family in the neighborhood of his father's residence. Here his piety was severely tested—surrounded by gay and irreligious companions, and without any encouragement to hold fast whereunto he had attained, it was exceedingly difficult for him to maintain a good conscience. His faith, however, though severely tried, sustained him through the ordeal.

At the age of fourteen young Asbury selected a trade suited to his taste, and in the family of

his employer found congenial religious habits, which greatly strengthened his own piety. While diligently prosecuting his calling under these favorable circumstances, he attended frequently at the Broomwich church, where it was his privilege to hear Ryland, Stillingfleet, Talbott, Bagnall, Mansfield, Hawes, and Venn, some of whom were among the most distinguished ornaments of the English pulpit.

Till now the young Asbury had never heard of the Methodists—the people every-where denounced and ridiculed as enthusiasts and fanatics. His pious mother, however, gave him a favorable account of the strange sect, whose religious zeal had given them such notoriety. So favorable was her account of them that the son resolved to seek them out and hear for himself. Very soon an opportunity occurred for the gratification of his desire. He went, and the services, so simple, earnest, spiritual, made an impression upon his mind which nothing could efface. To use his own language, "It was better than a Church, the people were so devout; men and women kneeling, and all saying amen." He was delighted with the soul-kindling melody with which they praised God, and greatly astonished at the fervent and eloquent prayers offered, without the aid of prayer-book. He immediately felt himself at home among these devoted worshipers, and, in attending their meetings, made rapid progress in his spiritual life.

Asbury now felt it to be his duty to hold prayer meetings in his neighborhood, and accordingly began to hold religious services at the house of a friend. These meetings attracted great multitudes. Many from the novelty of the thing went out of idle curiosity, many went to oppose, till finally, fearing an outbreak, the friends at whose house the services were held felt themselves obliged to close their doors upon the young evangelist. In his father's house, however, he resumed the prayer meetings, nothing daunted by opposition, and continued to exhort the multitudes who came to them to flee the wrath to come.

The extraordinary fervency and eloquence of his prayers and exhortations soon convinced the "society" that he was called of God to the ministry. Asbury himself was satisfied, it would seem, that such was the fact; and when the voice of the Church, which was to him the voice of God, concurred with his own convictions of duty, his future course was determined. From the preacher in charge of the circuit he received license as a local preacher, and was soon introduced to the Methodist chapels, in which he held forth the word of life to "wondering, weeping thousands." He was now but seventeen years

\* The Pioneer Bishop; or, the Life and Times of Francis Asbury. By W. P. Strickland. New York: Carlton & Porter. 1858.

old, and his remarkable gifts, in connection with his youthful appearance, naturally attracted much attention.

He sustained the local relation till he was twenty-one years of age, at which time he was formally received into the Wesleyan conference, and appointed to a circuit. He gave himself wholly to the work, and was so very exemplary, laborious, and useful in his several fields of toil, that he soon won the confidence and respect of his brethren in the ministry, both senior and junior. He made himself thoroughly acquainted with the doctrines and discipline of Methodism, and loved them both.

After traveling circuits for about five years, Asbury went up to the conference at Bristol, on the 7th of August, 1771, with very peculiar and solemn feelings. For years he had been impressed that it was his duty to go as a missionary to America. The more he thought about it the stronger became his conviction, that to go and labor in the new world was his mission.

It was a hazardous undertaking—the voyage was a long and dangerous one—the difficulties to be encountered in the work were fearful ones; but when, during this conference, Wesley called for volunteers for the work in America, Asbury was among the first to respond. From that moment, says his biographer, “his heart was in America.”

He now left the seat of the conference and turned his face homeward. It was a great trial to communicate the news to his fond mother, who, he no doubt feared, would object to his going on so perilous and difficult a mission, perhaps never to return. But she who had dedicated her son to God, and trained him for self-denial in the cause of the Redeemer, was enabled now to give him up cheerfully to the work to which Providence called him. Noble, self-sacrificing woman! With the mother of the Wesleys she could doubtless have said, “If I had twenty sons I would cheerfully give them all to God as missionaries.”

At length, on the 4th of September, near Bristol, he embarked on board a vessel bound for the new world, and was soon fairly out at sea. He was accompanied by Richard Wright, a young man who had been in the conference but one year, and had volunteered also to go to America. Asbury experienced the usual accompaniment of a voyage, seasickness, which he describes as having been unequaled by any thing he had before suffered. On the second Sabbath of their voyage he was able to preach his first sermon at sea from the words, “But now God commandeth all men every-where to repent.” As regularly as the Sabbath returned thereafter he preached to the ship’s company. During the passage he spent

much time in reading, meditation, and prayer, and felt his heart strongly drawn out for America.

After a voyage of eight weeks the glad tidings that land was in sight saluted the ears of the missionaries. They entered into port at Philadelphia, and were most joyfully received by the little company of Methodists at that city. In reference to his reception Asbury says, “The people looked on us with pleasure, hardly knowing how to show their love sufficiently, bidding us welcome with fervent affection, and receiving us as the angels of God.” The first evening spent in Philadelphia was at the old St. George’s Church, where they listened to a sermon from Joseph Pilmoor, who came to America in 1769, with Boardman, the first missionaries sent over by Wesley.

It may well be supposed that the arrival of this ministerial reinforcement produced great joy in the infant Church. Methodism had been introduced but five years before; yet through the labors of Embury, Webb, and Strawbridge, very considerable societies had been formed in New York and Philadelphia, and in different parts of New Jersey, Maryland, and Virginia. Asbury opened his mission in Philadelphia. His first sermon seems to have impressed the Church in that city that he was a minister of more than ordinary ability. After remaining ten days in the “City of Brotherly Love,” he went to Burlington and preached in the court-house to a large and attentive congregation. Thence he directed his steps to New York, where he met Boardman, who was stationed in the city. His first sermon, in the old John-Street Church, was delivered to a very large, attentive congregation. On the following Sabbath he preached again, and to a still greater concourse of people.

Francis Asbury, however, was unwilling to confine his labors to the city: very unlike, in that respect, many of his successors in the ministry on this continent. He determined to visit the “back settlements,” and accordingly made a tour of the interior towns and neighborhoods, preaching day and night during the week and on Sabbath. “To him,” in the language of his biographer, “must be awarded the honor of initiating the first regular circuit work in America. He evidently saw a disposition on the part of the preachers to confine their labors to the cities, and had resolved that he would be an itinerant in the fullest sense of the word. He had thoroughly imbibed the doctrine of Wesley, ‘to go where the people wanted him the most;’ that is, where there was the greatest need of Gospel preaching.”

The preachers having all met in Philadelphia for the purpose of arranging the work for the year 1772, Asbury was appointed to Philadelphia.

This was his first regular appointment in America, and he expressed himself much pleased with it. He still adhered, however, to his former purpose not to confine his labors to the city; he went out into the neighboring villages through the week, preaching and forming societies, and returning to his regular services in the city on Sabbath.

On the 10th of October, 1772, he received a letter from Wesley, appointing him Superintendent of the societies in America. Receiving intelligence that he was expected to spend the winter in Maryland, Asbury proceeded to Philadelphia—having been now several months settling troubles in the society at New York—stopping on his way at Princeton, a place he had “long wished to see, for the sake of the pious Mr. Davies, late President of the college there.” While he was preaching in Kent county, Maryland, an officious preacher of the Episcopal Church came to one of his appointments, demanding by what authority he preached. Asbury calmly met the insolent demand by telling him who he was. To this the priest of the Church pompously replied:

“I have the sole authority over this people, and the care of their souls; and you can not and shall not preach; and if you do I shall proceed against you according to law.”

Asbury gave him to understand that he had no respect whatever for his assumed authority; that he came there to preach, and preach he would.

“But,” said the divine, “you will create a schism, and draw the people from their work.”

“Do not fairs and horse-races hinder the people?” asked Asbury.

At this the clergyman wished to know what was the object of his coming.

To which he replied, “To turn sinners to God.”

“Can not I do this as well as you?” said the parson.

Asbury replied, “I have authority from God.”

At this the parson laughed and said, “You are a fine fellow, indeed;” but it was not long before he changed his tone and became enraged.

Not in the least terrified at the threats of the priest Asbury preached, and had him for a hearer.

No regular conferences had been held up to this time. The business of the infant Church had been transacted at quarterly meetings, one of which was held during Asbury’s visit to Maryland. The quarterly conference, besides disposing of business of minor importance, stationed the preachers for the year. By this arrangement Asbury was sent to Baltimore. Here he was offered the use of the court-house for preaching, but judging it unfit for the purpose, he declined

the offer, and preached in a private house, in which he formed a class consisting of male members. The next day he organized a female class. Asbury’s labors in Baltimore were greatly blessed.

Meanwhile Thomas Rankin had been appointed to the superintendency of the work in America. He does not seem, however, to have been very well adapted to the office. In addition to his English ideas of loyalty and government, he manifested an opposition to the spirit of revivals. On the 14th of July, 1773, the first conference proper met in Philadelphia. The number of preachers stationed at this conference was ten, and the numbers reported in society were one thousand, one hundred and sixteen.

Asbury was now in the midst of troublous times. The war of the Revolution had commenced in good earnest, and many of his brethren in the ministry had quit their work, and returned to the mother country. His own sense of duty, however, would not permit him to forsake a field so promising, and he continued, amidst the greatest discouragements, to prosecute his mission. He was now required to take the oath of allegiance to the state of Maryland; but its form being such that he could not conscientiously do so, he left that state, and spent several years in comparative retirement, at the hospitable mansion of Judge White, in the state of Delaware. Having become a citizen of Delaware, he returned to Maryland under the recommendation and protection of the Governor of Delaware.

About this time the brethren in Virginia became restless under the restrictions imposed upon them, in regard to the ordinances, and determined to proceed and ordain one another, and then administer the sacraments, for which the people were clamorous. It required all the judgment, skill, and piety of Asbury to manage this difficult and delicate matter. After much consultation the dissenting brethren yielded, finally, and harmony was restored. The Methodist community throughout America was yet one and inseparable. On Sunday, November 14, 1784, at Barratt’s Chapel, he met Dr. Coke and Richard Whatcoat. This was his first interview with these brethren since their arrival.

When they made known to him the object of their visit, and the powers with which they were intrusted by Mr. Wesley, he was perfectly astounded. “The idea of his not only having the superintendency, but of his being ordained to that office, was more than he could think of assuming in connection with Wesleyan Methodism; and he had, to use his own language, come to the determination that if his brethren should unanimously choose him to that office, he would

not accept it in the capacity he had hitherto done under Mr. Wesley's appointment."

"Before the departure of Coke and Whatcoat from England, Wesley had abridged the Book of Common Prayer, and with the assistance of Dr. Coke and Rev. Mr. Creighton, of the Church of England, he had set apart by solemn ordination Richard Whatcoat and Thomas Vasey as elders for the Church in America. After this he ordained Dr. Coke as Superintendent of the Methodist Church in America, and gave him letters of ordination under his hand and seal, accompanied by a letter, in which he appointed Dr. Coke and Francis Asbury joint Superintendents over the Church in America."

The country had now declared itself independent of Great Britain—peace had been obtained on honorable terms, commercial intercourse was resumed, and the question of an independent Church organization was naturally discussed among the preachers. The prevailing opinion was that the time had come for the organization of a Church separate and distinct from the Established Church, and free from all alliance, ecclesiastical, with the British conference. After much discussion of this important question, it was resolved to call a General conference, to meet in Baltimore on the 25th of December, 1785.

At the appointed time sixty, out of the whole number of preachers, assembled to decide questions of vast moment to the future of Methodism on this continent. Dr. Coke presided with great dignity, and urbanity, and impartiality. After calmly and deliberately considering Mr. Wesley's letter, which in all time to come will sufficiently vindicate the course they subsequently pursued, they constituted themselves and fellow-members a distinct and separate Church.

The question now arising by what title they should be designated, John Dickins, "a man of varied learning, sound sense, and sterling piety," than whom none in the conference commanded greater respect, rose and proposed *The Methodist Episcopal Church*, which was adopted without a dissenting voice. They then declared the office of bishop elective, after which Dr. Thomas Coke and Francis Asbury were unanimously elected bishops of this Church.

Asbury had now been preaching in America fifteen years, an unordained man; he, with the rest of his brethren, consenting to receive the sacrament at the hands of the Episcopal priests. There were, when he commenced his labors in this country, but eight preachers, and about six hundred members. Now there were one hundred and four preachers, and eighteen thousand members. The deep piety, indomitable energy, and keen sagacity of Asbury, would doubtless have

suggested him to his brethren for the office to which they elected him, even without an intimation of the wishes of the illustrious founder of Methodism. In the language of Bishop Janes, in the letter with which this volume opens, the agency of Asbury "in planting, and his influence in promoting the progress and perpetuity of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States were primary. I doubt whether it will be contended that any other man has contributed so much to the weal of Methodism in America."

He was now ordained, first a deacon and then an elder; after which Dr. Coke, assisted by several elders, set him apart by the imposition of hands as Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. After the session of this conference Asbury started immediately on his first episcopal tour. The first day "he rode on horseback fifty miles through frost and snow to Fairfax, Virginia"—from which it would seem that his new honors were no exemption from hardship and toil. He passed on through Virginia, North and South Carolina, preaching wherever he could obtain hearers, ordaining preachers, and administering the sacraments. At Yorktown "he preached to a few serious women, and lodged in the poor-house."

From this place he went to Alexandria, where he paid a visit to General Washington, who treated him with great courtesy and respect. While on a visit to Bath Springs, Virginia, he preached in the theater, and lodged under the same roof with the play-actors. During this year he attended three conferences—meanwhile the membership had increased to twenty thousand, six hundred and eighty-four.

In the year 1785, through the influence and exertions of Bishops Coke and Asbury, the corner-stone of Cokesbury College was laid, in the town of Abingdon, about twenty-five miles from the city of Baltimore. In December, 1787, the College was opened by religious exercises, Bishop Asbury officiating. The institution, the first under the auspices of American Methodism, began with twenty-five students. Rev. Mr. Heath was chosen President, and his assistants in the faculty were Jacob Hall, A. M., Patrick McClosky, and Charles Tite. The course of study embraced the various English branches, the Latin and Greek languages, together with Hebrew, German, and French—a curriculum hardly excelled by any of our institutions of the present day.

After a successful career of ten years, during which it had gained the confidence of the Church and the public, a destructive fire consumed the college edifice. It was a sad blow to a feeble denomination struggling hard to lay the foundations of their future growth in sound education

and enlightened piety. Almost immediately, however, after this disaster, Asbury College was established in the city of Baltimore; but very soon it too was consumed by fire.

Asbury, as is well known, never married. His reasons for the course he pursued in this respect are stated by himself thus: "I was called to preach in my fourteenth year. I began my public exercises between sixteen and seventeen. At twenty-one I entered the traveling connection. At twenty-six I came to America. Thus far I had reasons enough for a single life. It had been my intention to return to Europe, but the war continued, and it was ten years before we had settled, lasting peace. This was no time to marry or be given in marriage. At forty-nine I was ordained Superintendent or Bishop in America. Among the duties imposed upon me by my office, was that of traveling extensively, and I could hardly expect to find a woman with grace enough to enable her to live but one week out of fifty-two with her husband; besides, what right has any man to take advantage of the affections of a woman, make her his wife, and by voluntary absence subvert the whole order and economy of the marriage state by separating those whom neither God, nature, nor the requirements of civil society permit long to be *put asunder*? It is neither just nor generous. I may add to this that I had but little money, and with this little I administered to the necessities of a beloved mother till I was fifty-seven. If I have done wrong I hope God and the sex will forgive me."

Other reasons than those here mentioned are alluded to by his biographer, which are no less honorable to his head and heart than the ones given. We are told that in addition to the support of an aged mother out of his pittance of salary, amounting to sixty-four dollars, he had the Book Concern on his shoulders. His interest in this establishment was lasting as life. Some of his friends having bequeathed him two thousand dollars, he made it all over to the Book Concern in his last will and testament. He often impoverished himself, too, to relieve his suffering brethren. At one time we find him with only two dollars in the world, and his poor preachers ragged and destitute. First his little purse was drained, and then followed his cloak, and watch, and shirt.

It was at the suggestion of Asbury, in 1789, that the Methodist Episcopal Church presented a congratulatory address to General Washington, in which was embodied a declaration of allegiance to the Government of the United States, before any other Church had taken that step. Bishop Asbury had a very high regard for Washington, on whose death he makes this entry in

his Journal: "Matchless man! At all times he acknowledged the providence of God, and never was he ashamed of his Redeemer. We believe he died not fearing death. In his will he ordered the manumission of his slaves—a true son of liberty in all points."

The second decade of Methodism in America had passed, and the middle of the third had been reached at the session of the first General conference in 1792. During a period of twenty-six years, from the smallest and feeblest beginnings, it had grown into a large denomination. There were now sixty-five thousand members and two hundred and sixty-six preachers in the regular pastoral work. After the session of the General conference Asbury started out on his southern tour. These journeys southward, extending as far as Georgia, were often full of danger, and marked at every step by stirring incidents.

But it is impossible to compress into one brief article all the interesting facts relating to the pioneer Bishop. It has been our object rather to direct the attention of the reader to the remarkably-interesting volume of Doctor Strickland, recently issued by the Methodist Book Concern at New York. A few general remarks upon the subject of our sketch will close this article.

Asbury was not a scholar, in the strict sense of the word, perhaps, and yet such was his love of study and his desire for improvement, that he amassed a great amount of information. Riding, as he was compelled to do, day and night, lodging often in cabins where there were no facilities for study, and having the care of all the Church, both spiritual and temporal, it is wonderful that he accomplished so much in the various departments of study. He made himself acquainted with Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, besides taking a thorough course of reading in theology, Church history and polity, civil history, and general literature. His Hebrew Bible and Greek Testament were his daily companions. The secret of his remarkable success as a student consisted doubtless in his systematic method. When not traveling it was his habit to rise at four o'clock every morning; spend two hours in prayer and meditation, two in reading and study, and one in recreation and conversation. Ten hours out of sixteen were spent in reading the Hebrew Bible and other books, and writing. He retired to his room ordinarily at 8 o'clock, and spent an hour in meditation and prayer before retiring to rest.

It is generally conceded, says his biographer, that most of the obituaries found in the older Minutes of the conferences, were from his pen. As biographical sketches they are models of excellence. Another remarkable quality in the literary character of Asbury, worthy of special

mention, is his admirable epistolary style. His correspondence was voluminous, and his letters possess an interest beyond their personal value, in the vast amount of information they contain on matters not only pertaining to the Church and her interests, but to the interests and the state of the country at large.

We come now to the last round of the veteran pioneer. Forty-five years of incessant toil, in cities and in the country, in the south, in the north, and in the far west, traversing the continent almost every year from end to end, exposed to every variety of privation and hardship, bore heavily upon his constitution. He needed rest and relief from his cares and anxieties; but he continued to urge his way from appointment to appointment. When he could no longer walk to the house of God, he was borne in the arms of his brethren; and when he could no longer stand in the holy place to deliver his dying message, he sat and poured out the treasures of his loving heart to the weeping multitudes.

By slow and difficult stages he passed through South and North Carolina, preaching at different points till he arrived at Richmond, Virginia. His anxiety to preach here was so great, that notwithstanding the remonstrances of his friends, he overcame all their efforts, saying, "I must once more deliver my public testimony in this place." When the hour for preaching arrived, he was taken in a close carriage to the old Methodist Church, where, to a crowded and deeply-affected congregation, he preached from these words, "For he will finish the work and cut it short in righteousness; because a short work will the Lord make upon the earth."

Anxious to reach Baltimore to be present at the session of the General conference in May, he took his last farewell of the brethren in Richmond and proceeded on his journey. Having arrived at the residence of his old and long-tried friend, Mr. George Arnold, about twenty miles south of Fredericksburg, in Virginia, he was unable to proceed, and was borne into the house, his last earthly resting-place, never to leave it till carried to the tomb.

He suffered much during the night and the succeeding day, notwithstanding every thing was done that affection could do to mitigate his pain. When Sabbath came he requested the family to be called together at the usual hour for religious services. His traveling companion—Bond—read and expounded the twenty-first chapter of Revelations, during which time Asbury was calm and devotional. His end was near, and his faith doubtless enabled him to catch a glimpse of the holy city which John saw coming down out of heaven. The sun of life was declining, but there

were no clouds in the evening heavens. All was calm, and clear, and bright.

The services were closed, and Bond perceiving that the venerable Bishop was sinking in his chair, hastened to support him; and while he held up his reclining head, the spirit of the patriarch passed away in peace to its God.

His funeral was attended by a large concourse of citizens from the surrounding neighborhood, and with appropriate religious services his body was deposited in the family burying-ground of Mr. Arnold.

At the session of the General conference a request was presented by the people of Baltimore, that his remains be removed and deposited in a vault prepared for that purpose in the Eutaw Church, immediately beneath the pulpit. The occasion of the re-interment was one of thrilling interest. An immense concourse of people assembled at the Light-Street Church, from which his remains were taken to the Eutaw Church. At the head of the procession was Bishop M'Kendree, the colleague of the departed Asbury, and the only surviving bishop of the Church. Next followed the members of the General conference, and lastly the members of the Church and citizens generally in thousands. Amid the tears of the multitude M'Kendree pronounced the funeral address; and with the solemn and impressive ceremonies connected with the burial service, the sacred relics were deposited in their resting-place.

### I WATCHED FOR MORNING.

BY MRS. M. A. BIGELOW.

Long I watched for morning,  
Weary and opprest,  
When my sleepless pillow  
Could not yield me rest.

Long I watched the shadows,  
Wishing them to fade,  
As anon the moonlight  
Struggled through the shade.

Often was I turning  
Toward the eastern sky,  
For the daybreak yearning  
Ere it met my eye.

Thus, my great Redeemer!  
Do I look to thee,  
In this land of shadows,  
Sin, and misery.

Thus I wait thy coming,  
O thou spirit of love,  
While my aching vision  
Turns to the light above.

## SELF-CULTURE.

BY LIZZIE MACE M'FARLAND.

WE are pleased to call this an age of improvement, and we look with especial complacency on our systems of education, intellectual and moral. Every one will admit that great improvements have been made in the science of school-teaching and the science of school-book-making during the last twenty-five years.

A friend of mine, whose school-girl days ended half a century ago, informs me that when she went to school—and within sight of Harvard University—there was but one arithmetic in the school, and that owned by the teacher. The scholars who “ciphered” had each a blank-book of quarto or perhaps folio size, which was called the manuscript or “ciphering-book,” and in this they “copied the sums from the master’s book,” and added their own solution and proof. Therefore each, at the close of the school, owned as much of arithmetic as he or she had mastered; and these manuscripts were perhaps more highly estimated than the gilt-framed drawings of the school-girl of to-day.

The friend above alluded to preserved hers carefully two or three years, and would probably have transmitted it to her grandchildren had no one molested it; but she had a younger brother, who, like other children, was fond of sport, and what was her vexation on looking out one day, to see a huge kite floating in the breeze—a kite made from the pasted-together leaves of her “ciphering book”!

But fifty years ago is a far-off extreme in our educational economy. Perhaps it suited the people of those times; but it will never compare with us. We are two generations wiser. Ah! gentle reader, let us think a moment. Are we wiser, innately wiser, than our ancestors?

To test the verity of this oft-repeated assertion, we have only to select at random twenty of our unschooled juveniles, and placing in their hands the books used by the children of the Revolutionary fathers, and pursuing as nearly as possible the old-fashioned way of school-keeping, note with what avidity they digest the circuitous rules of the old grammars and arithmetics. I fear very few would get beyond the Rule of Three at eighteen. Still they might not be less educated than many who have gone through arithmetic, algebra, and geometry in the same time.

I would not be understood as arguing in favor of a return to the old educational system; but let me ask you, candid reader, are we not relying too much on our books and teachers, and too little on ourselves?

Have we not very few self-educators among us?

Books may be very lucid and very simple, and teachers may explain themselves into a consumption, but that will not educate our children. They will indeed acquire many facts; but a brain crammed with undigested theories is little better educated than a granary filled with corn on the cob. It must be shelled and ground before it will nourish the body. The individual who has never compelled himself to *think* is uneducated. The young lady who admits the truth of every plausible argument, without weighing it, is uneducated; and worse than that, she never will be educated till she learns to reason for herself. The female graduate who can repeat whole chapters of mental and moral philosophy, and demonstrate difficult problems in geometry, may yet be very imperfectly educated. She may have cultivated her memory at the expense of her judgment, which, of all the faculties God has given us, is most frequently dwarfed by neglect. It is the province of the will to govern all other faculties of the mind; but who shall educate the will? Plainly the I that exercises volition. Education is a leading or drawing out. Every one’s will is, therefore, educated? Evidently, but not always rightly educated. Literally every one is, to some extent, educated of necessity. Not even the will can prevent it; for the will, in putting forth a volition that the mind shall not be educated, is actually educating itself. If, then, all other faculties are primarily subservient to the will, and the will educates itself by the simple exercise of volition, which is, so to speak, its necessary alinement, on whom does the duty of educating devolve? Plainly on the existing I. This is the truth I wish to impress—we must educate ourselves. Would I could hear the mental resolve of every young person, “I will govern myself. I will compel my judgment to reason. I will educate myself!”

The mind is not a republic. The will must and does govern. How absurd, then, to impress our children with the belief, or let them imbibe the opinion that school-teachers and school-books are responsible for their education! Whereas these are only necessary auxiliaries. And yet how often does the incautious mother impute the dullness of her child to the inefficiency of the teacher, and that, too, in the child’s hearing! Hence the child begins to think it is the teacher’s business to make him learn, and only the teacher’s fault if he does not learn; and with such a creed what wonder at his lack of self-exertion? What wonder if he soon finds the lessons are too hard for him? Then common ingenuity discovers the remedy. He enters complaints of hard lessons to his parents, and instead of encouraging him to study hard, the father writes a polite

note to the teacher requesting that his son may have easier lessons given him. Such children may be intellectual babies all their lifetime.

We have too many intellectual babies in our school-rooms, and for this evil we censure not only parents but teachers.

A child, thus humored at home, is looking for a certain town on the map; the first and last letter are given in his geography; he looks but does not find it readily, and therefore asks his teacher. The teacher knows just where it is, and it is so much easier to put his finger on it than encourage the child in perseverance, that he too often yields to inclination and neglects to foster self-reliance.

Parents and teachers have an acknowledged responsibility in the formation of character—a great influence in molding the will to their wishes; but after all a man must educate himself. Self-education is not only a duty, but a privilege; and the learned blacksmith of our own country and the humble stone-cutter of Scotland have shown us that from the lowliest occupations of life the will may draw sufficient aliment to make the mind grow large and strong. We love to look upon a self-made man. We are proud that our country affords such. We are proud also of our self-made women; but we have not half enough of them. We suspect there were more in the times of Mary Washington and Abigail Adams—women whose souls were educated; who knew how to *think*, although perhaps unable to read French, German, Spanish, and Italian, and less acquainted with the technicalities of science than hundreds of the young ladies of the present day. We admit that the times in which they lived, and the circumstances by which they were surrounded, assisted very much in soul-development. They were compelled to learn self-reliance.

We rejoice that in our day we have female colleges, and especially colleges for both sexes. Let every female who has it in her power, or can bring it within her power, avail herself of a thorough collegiate course. And while pursuing this course, do not rest satisfied with fairly meeting the requirements of your teachers. Exact something of yourself. Compel yourself. And, above all delusions, avoid that which would make you think you are educated when you receive your diploma. We believe Mrs. Sigourney is still a student, although she claims to be past meridian. We do not believe the mind gets its growth with the body, or necessarily becomes debilitated with it; but it requires nutriment; and it would be no more absurd to cease feeding and exercising the body, after it has reached the ordinary size, than to cease feeding and exercising the mind after leaving college.

Many young ladies think if they were to become ministers, doctors, or lawyers, or even continue as teachers, they would keep up a regular course of study; but entering, as they do, upon the duties of wives and mothers, and becoming engrossed with the pleasures and cares of house-keeping, they have no time for systematic self-education. This may be literally true of some, yet we think not generally so.

Most housekeepers, by adopting a systematic code adapted to their own peculiar province, can secure to themselves at least thirty minutes a day for study. And this arrangement, if persevered in for thirty years, will have given, deducting Sabbaths, upward of three hundred and sixty days, of twelve hours each, hard study.

We must again repeat that we are in great danger, at the present day, of relying too much upon the educational improvements of the age, both intellectual and moral. Thank God for our Sabbath schools! They are doing a great deal for the moral education of our country; but it is a great mistake to think parental responsibility can be cast on the Sabbath school. O no! we hold that parents should exercise as much vigilance in regard to the religious training of their children as though no Sabbath school existed. If Susannah Wesley lived in our day, we believe she would not excuse herself from the duty of regularly and periodically conversing with each child of her numerous family on its spiritual welfare.

We have been contemplating the necessity of self-education. If the duty of intellectual education devolves upon ourselves, how much rather our moral education! We shrink from the folly of cultivating our intellects and neglecting our hearts. We acknowledge it is much easier to admire the good and commend the holy, than to be good and holy. Nevertheless, if we would be good, we must admire the good; if we would be pure, we must love the pure.

#### A SUNSET THOUGHT.

BY J. A. RICHEY.

SEE, yonder sets the radiant sun,  
But with a feeble, glittering light—  
Gentle decline—his race is run  
From us, yet beams beyond our sight.

\*T is thus the sinking soul of earth,  
Whose dreary flight appears so dim,  
Doth glide through death to peaceful birth,  
Our last sad rite its parting hymn.

\*T is distance lends that mystic gloom;  
Approach and find all fears are past;  
Yon sprite counts moments to his tomb,  
And owns the sweetest were his last!

## MY DREAM.

BY A LITTLE GIRL.

IT was a beautiful day in balmy June when I descended the steps, my pencil and paper in hand, intending to write a composition. I bounded down through the dark, cool grove till I reached a beautiful spot beneath an aged oak, whose roots were cushioned with soft, green grass, spotted over with tiny white flowers and blue forget-me-nots. I tried to commit my thoughts to paper, but often paused to listen to the sweet music that floated up from the clear throats of the little birds. And I was at length unconsciously lulled to sleep by the soft murmuring of the little rivulet at my feet. And I soon fancied myself a little zephyr, flitting through the green trees, playing among the golden curls of some fair infant, or gently fanning the fevered brow of the suffering invalid; now flying over some deep and awful chasm, now sighing through the billowy foliage of the pleasant groves.

On, on I flew from place to place, till I came upon a disconsolate-looking youth who was breathing forth the most desponding sighs. I paused to look upon this picture of melancholy and sadness; the air was laden with his heated breath, and I felt that it was gradually weighing me down. When I learned that the cause of his grief was that his hopes and affections had been blighted by a wealthy young heiress, who quietly sat reading not far distant, then I thought I would go and intercede with her in his behalf. Away I flew in great haste to tell her my errand; but when I arrived and was just going to speak to her, I remembered that I was only a little zephyr, and had no tongue. O who can describe my feelings at that moment! I flitted from side to side. I tossed the brown curls about her fair neck and face. I blew the paper which she was reading from her hands down upon the grass. I found that I was becoming quite a little whirlwind. At length I formed the bold design of carrying her to her lover, which I was about to succeed in doing by means of her enormous hoops, when I was suddenly awakened by loud peals of laughter from my little brothers and sisters, who had caught me napping in the grove.

## BODY AND MIND.

By too much sitting still the body becomes unhealthy, and soon the mind. This is nature's law. She will never see her children wronged. If the mind, which rules the body, ever forgets itself so far as to trample upon its slave, the slave is never generous enough to forgive the injury; but will rise and smite its oppressor. Thus has many a monarch mind been dethroned.

## THE HAPPY MAN AND TRUE GENTLEMAN.

THE happy man was born in the city of Regeneration, in the parish of Repentance unto Life. He was educated at the school of Obedience, and lives now in the town of Perseverance. He works at the trade of diligence, notwithstanding he has a large estate in the county of Christian Contentment, and many times does jobs of self-denial. He wears the plain garb of humility, and has a better suit to put on when he goes to court, called the Robe of Christ's Righteousness. He often walks in the valley of Self-Abasement, and sometimes climbs the mountain of Spiritual-Mindedness. He breakfasts every morning on spiritual prayer, and sups every evening on the same. He has meat to eat the world knows nothing of, and his drink is the sincere milk of the word. Thus happy he lives, and happy he dies. Happy is he who has Gospel submission in his will, due order in his affections, sound peace in his conscience, sanctifying grace in his soul, true humility in his heart, real divinity in his breast, the Redeemer's yoke upon his neck, a vain world under his feet, and a crown of glory over his head. Happy is the life of such a person! in order to gain which pray fervently, believe firmly, wait patiently, live holy, die daily, watch your heart, guide your senses, redeem your time, love Christ, and hope for glory.

A true gentleman is God's servant, the world's master, and his own man. Virtue is his business, study his recreation, contentment his rest, and happiness his reward. God is his father, the Church his mother, the saints his brethren, and he is the friend of all that need him. Heaven is his inheritance, Religion his mistress, Loyalty and Justice his two ladies of honor, Devotion his chaplain, Chastity his chamberlain, Sobriety his butler, Temperance his cook, Hospitality his house-keeper, Providence his steward, Charity his treasure, Piety the mistress of his house, and Discretion is porter to let in and out as is most fit. Thus is his whole family made up of virtues, and he is the true master of the family.

He is necessitated to take the world in his way to heaven; but he walks through it as fast as he can, and all his business by the way is to glorify the name of God, and do good to mankind. Take him in two words—he is a gentleman and a Christian.

“I CAN forgive, but I can not forget,” is only another way of saying, “I will not forgive.” A forgiveness ought to be like a canceled note, torn in two, and burned up, so that it never can be shown against the man.

## EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

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### Scripture Cabinet.

NO EFFORT TO DO GOOD LOST.—“*Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.*” *Eccles. xi. 1.*

It may be confidently affirmed that truth is never spoken in vain. It can not die. It may be buried for centuries, but like the wheat found in the mummies of Egypt, it will one day bear its precious harvest. God’s promise is sure—“He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.” This most encouraging truth finds a beautiful illustration in the following well-authenticated narrative of a pious British medical officer. He says: “I was standing by the side of my mother, under the spacious porch of Dr. Beattie’s church, Glasgow, awaiting the hour for afternoon service, when I observed two young men turn a corner and walk toward the church. They were dressed in their working-clothes, unshaven and dirty, and slightly intoxicated. As they passed the church door they assumed a swaggering, irreverent gait, laughed, and finally commenced singing a profane song. My mother turned to me, and said, ‘Follow these two men, and invite them to a seat in our pew.’

“I soon overtook them, and delivered my mother’s message. One laughed scornfully, and began to swear; the other paused and pondered; he was evidently struck with the nature of the invitation. His companion again swore, and was about to drag him away. But he still paused. I repeated the invitation, and in a few seconds he looked in my face and said, ‘When I was a boy like you, I went to Church every Sunday. I have not been inside of a church for three years. *I don’t feel right.* I believe I will go with you.’ I seized his hand and led him back to the house of God, in spite of the remonstrances and oaths of his companion. A most excellent sermon was preached from Eccles. xi. 1: ‘Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days.’ The young man was attentive, but seemed abashed and downcast.

“At the conclusion of the service my mother kindly said to him, ‘Have you a Bible, young man?’ ‘No, ma’am; but I can get one,’ was his reply. ‘You can read, of course?’ said she. ‘Yes, ma’am.’ ‘Well, take my son’s Bible till you procure one of your own, and come to meeting again next Lord’s day. I will always be happy to accommodate you with a seat.’

“He put the Bible in his pocket and hurried away. At family worship that evening, my mother prayed fervently for the conversion of that young man.

“Next Sunday came, and the next, but the stranger

did not appear. My mother frequently spoke of him, and appeared grieved at his absence. He had doubtless been the subject of her closet devotions. On the third Sabbath morning, while the congregation were singing the first psalm, the young man again entered our pew. He was now dressed genteelly, and appeared thin and pale, as if from recent sickness. Immediately after the benediction, the stranger laid my Bible on the desk, and left the house, without giving my mother an opportunity she much desired, of conversing with him. On one of the blank leaves of the Bible we found some writing in pencil, signed ‘W. C.’ He asked to be remembered in my mother’s prayers.

“Years rolled on; my mother passed to her heavenly rest; I grew up to manhood, and the stranger was forgotten.

“In the autumn of 18—, the ship St. George, of which I was the medical officer, anchored in Table Bay.

“Next day, being Sabbath, I attended morning service at the Wesleyan Chapel. At the conclusion of worship, a gentleman seated behind me asked to look at my Bible. In a few minutes he returned it, and I walked into the street. I had arranged to dine at the ‘George,’ and was mounting the steps in front of that hotel, when the gentleman who had examined my Bible laid his hand on my shoulder and begged to have a few minutes’ conversation. We were shown into a private apartment. As soon as we were seated he examined my countenance with great attention, and then began to sob; tears rolled down his cheeks; he was evidently laboring under some intense emotion. He asked me several questions—my name, age, occupation, birthplace, etc. He then inquired if I had not, when a boy, many years ago, invited a drunken Sabbath-breaker to a seat in Dr. Beattie’s church. I was astonished—the subject of my mother’s anxiety and prayers was before me. Mutual explanations and congratulations followed, after which Mr. C. gave me a short history of his life.

“He was born in the town of Leeds, of highly respectable and religious parents, who gave him a good education, and trained him up in the way of righteousness. When about fifteen years of age his father died, and his mother’s straitened circumstances obliged her to take him from school and put him to learn a trade. In his new situation he imbibed all manner of evil, became incorrigibly vicious, and broke his mother’s heart. Freed now from all parental restraint, he left his employers and traveled to Scotland. In the city of Glasgow he had lived and sinned for two years, when he was arrested in his

career through my mother's instrumentality. On the first Sabbath of our strange interview, he confessed that after he left Church he was seized with pangs of unutterable remorse. The sight of a mother and a son worshiping God together, recalled the happy days of his own boyhood, when he went to Church and Sunday school, and when he also had a mother—a mother whose latter days he had imbibited, and whose gray hairs he had brought with sorrow to the grave. His mental suffering threw him on a bed of sickness—from which he arose a changed man. He returned to England, cast himself at the feet of his maternal uncle, and asked and obtained forgiveness. With his uncle's consent he studied for the ministry; and on being ordained, he entered the missionary field, and had been laboring for several years in southern Africa.

"The moment I saw your Bible this morning," he said, "I recognized it. And now, do you know who was my companion on the memorable Sabbath you invited me to Church? He was the notorious Jack Hill, who was hanged about a year afterward for highway robbery. I was dragged from the very brink of infamy and destruction, and saved as a brand from the burning. You remember Dr. Beattie's text on the day of my salvation: 'Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days.'"

**WE HAVE A BUILDING OF GOD.**—"We have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." 2 Cor. v, 1.

It was quaintly said by Dr. Cosin, that what one hand makes another may pull down again; and therefore our tabernacles, a few hands can set them up in an hour, and one hand can pull them down again in a moment. But that we may know that all the strength of the world, put all their hands together, shall never dissolve this building, therefore the text tells us it is made without hands, made even by the power of God, who will strengthen it forever. "I saw," says the King of Babel, in Daniel, "a stone cut out of a rock, without hands;" that was the figure of Christ's body, which was made without the help of man, by the power of God himself, as our glorious bodies shall be made hereafter, when they shall be like unto his.

And therefore it follows that it shall be an eternal building, not like an unstable tent, a house here that had no abiding; for this body passeth away: but to make amends for all labor here, this second building shall be a resting-place forever, a house that shall never be flitting away, but one that shall last unto all eternity; nor wind nor weather shall hurt it: it will be subject to no change, for eternity is ever one and the same; and therefore when we have this building once, let hell and death roar never so fast, we shall not need to fear a dissolution any more.

**THE RICH AND THE POOR.**—"He that oppresseth the poor reproacheth his Maker: but he that honoreth him hath mercy on the poor." Prov. xiv, 31.

The duty of the rich to be merciful to the poor is set forth in God's word with a distinctness and an emphasis that can not be mistaken. The most fearful maledictions are pronounced upon him who "oppresseth the poor." "The poor," says Mr.

Sherlock, elucidating the sentiment of this very passage, "are the creatures of God, not only as they are men, but also as they are poor men. The different orders and degrees of men are from the hand of God; and to despise or oppress a man for being what God hath thought fit to make him, is to reproach God; and if we have a true honor for God, the common father of both rich and poor, it will dispose us to regard even the meanest of his children. The rich are the elder brothers of the world; and as they share the estate of it among them, so it is incumbent on them to provide for the necessities of the rest of the family, which they can hardly neglect without renouncing the common relation they have to one and the same parent: so that to show mercy to the poor is a direct way of paying honor to God."

**THE HEART RAVISHED WITH THE DIVINE WORD.**—"I opened my mouth, and panted: for I longed for thy commandments." Psalm cxix, 131.

Mr. White, in his Way to the Tree of Life, beautifully describes that divine drawing of the soul and that heavenly ecstasy inspired in the heart of the spiritual Christian while he communes with God's word. "It happens sometimes," says he, "that such spiritual raptures seize on a man, even while he is reading the Scriptures—as the disciples' hearts burned within them, while our Savior talked with them, going to Emmaus—Luke xxiv, 32—whereupon the heart opens itself, to close with and draw in that ravishing object, as it is probable David's did; which will necessarily enforce him to make some pause in the work which he hath in hand, for a little while; which must needs happen, partly because the mind, while it is wholly taken up with that truth which it embraceth, can not easily attend any thing else at that present; as it falls out that when a man's eyes are dazzled with beholding the sun, they can for the present see nothing else perfectly. Such short pauses, upon such occasions, if they happen to us in reading the Scriptures, rather further than hinder us in our work. For a godly spirit, quickened by such sweet refreshings, receives increase of alacrity, and is thereby strengthened to go on with much greater life to the end of this holy exercise, which by such a help is, if not more speedily, yet doubtless more effectually, and to better purpose performed. The truth is, such a pause need not detain us long; but the affections being refreshed by some short meditation on that which moves them, a man may set on to the work again, and after that is fully ended, he may resume again into his thoughts, and satisfy himself with the fuller contemplation of that object which so much affected him."

**PRAYER.**—When a pump is frequently used, but little pains are necessary to have water; the water pours out at the first stroke, because it is high. But if the pump has not been used for a long while, the water gets low, and when you want it you must pump a long while, and the water comes only after great efforts. It is so with prayer; if we are instant in prayer, every little circumstance awakens the disposition to pray, and desires and words are always ready. But if we neglect prayer, it is difficult for us to pray; for the water in the well gets low.—*Felix Neff.*

## Notes and Queries.

**CONTINENTAL PRONUNCIATION.**—See Query in March number, 1857.—The continental and English methods of pronunciation, when applied to the classics, allude to the powers given to the letters of the Roman alphabet in the pronunciation of Latin, by the nations of continental Europe on the one hand, and the English on the other—the former generally agreeing upon the pronunciation of Italy and southern Europe, which probably has varied but little from ancient Latinity, while the latter insists on pronouncing Latin just as if it were English. By the English method the Latin vowels are made as variable and uncertain as the English; while in the continental method the powers of the letters are fixed and constant. By the English method quantity, which is an essential element in Latin, must be overlooked, disregarded, and even violated, while the continental harmonizes with it and gives it, in prosody—where in fact it is indispensable—its just importance. The continental method is far simpler. For example: a, e, i, o, u, have each two sounds—strictly but one—the same in quality but differing in quantity. The diphthongs æ or œ, ai, eu, and ei, have each one sound. Now compare this with the English vowels, and the Anglicized Latin can be made but little better, and we are prepared to choose between the two, so far at least as simplicity is concerned. And then again the continental method has some little show of orthodoxy, while the English is confessedly as far as possible from the original. Finally, it is my humble opinion that this Anglicizing Latin is the ruin of the scholarship of nine-tenths of the classical scholars and students of America.

W. H. Y.

P. S. I am a continentalist.

**SON OF MAN.**—See Queries in August number, 1858.—This phrase is a Hebraism expressive of a humble, low estate, and in the Old Testament writings was applied to man disparagingly, very much as we use the terms *mortal*, *creature*, in contrast with *Creator*, *Supreme Being*, *God*, etc. This is, perhaps, its only use in the Old Testament. Numbers xxiii, 19; Job xxv, 6; Psalm viii, 4, lxxx, 17, cxliv, 3. In Ezekiel it is applied to that prophet about ninety times. In Daniel vii, 13, it is used in connection with a prophecy evidently Messianic, but so far from regarding it here as a name of Christ, I judge it to be merely a descriptive term, attributing to the one spoken of the human form.

Christ first applies it to himself, and most probably in its ordinary meaning; intending thereby, in strict accordance with his entire conversation and walk among men, to inculcate a lesson of humility and dispel the illusions with which his disciples and the Jews were ever blinding themselves as to the true nature of his mission and “kingdom.” In every one of the seventy-five texts in the Evangelists, in which the phrase occurs, there is manifested a disposition, on the part of our Savior, either by a direct reference

to his humble condition, or, by contrasting his worldly estate with his divine power, authority, and future glory, to depreciate what worldly-mindedness would call good and great, and, especially, whatever Jewish pride and prejudice looked for in the Messiah. There are other expositions given, but this seems most, and, indeed, entirely satisfactory.

In the Evangelists Christ alone uses the phrase. He never uses it after his resurrection. St. Stephen and St. John are the only disciples who apply the expression to their Master, and they only in connection with his glory with the Father.

W. H. Y.

**AUTHORSHIP OF THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.**—A correspondent in the August Repository for 1857, attributes to Lord Byron the authorship of that very celebrated ode, “The Burial of Sir John Moore.” Upon a thorough investigation you will find the author to be none other than Charles Wolfe, an Irish divine, and who also was a poet of great promise. He was born in 1791 at Dublin, and died of consumption in 1823. He wrote many pieces possessing very considerable merit, and he wrote the well-known ode in question, commencing,

“Not a drum was heard,”

which acquired much posthumous celebrity, and was pronounced by Lord Byron, “the best and most perfect ode in the language.” The conversation spoken of in the Repository presumes that Lord Byron was probably piqued at none of his own pieces being mentioned. And why should he be? For it is the absent almost invariably who are the subjects of conversation. We do n’t expect our productions eulogized, panegyrized, or criticised in our very honorable presence, and it is even remarked, “And had Lord Byron not been present, his own invocation to Manfred, or ode to Napoleon or on Prometheus, might have been cited.” I presume if he had not been present some of his pieces would have received very special attention. And I do n’t doubt in the least but he even thought so himself.

A. C. N.

**STUMP-SPEECH.**—See Queries in June No., 1858.—This is a *westernism*, having its origin in the practice among backwoods politicians, in the day when public halls, balconies, store-boxes, and sugar hogsheads were scarce, of mounting a stump in the clearing to discuss the political topics of the times. The practice still continues where no more convenient “stand” is available. The name, however, has in most of the states outlived the necessity which gave it birth, and, with its derivatives, *stump-speaking*, *stump-speaker*, *stumper*, *stumping*, etc., is aspiring to membership in the “respectable circles” of the great community of words.

W. H. Y.

**LL. D. vs. L. L. D.**—P. R. S., in your “Minor Queries,” desires to know why in the abbreviation LL. D., two L’s occur? I answer, because LL. D.

represents the title of a Doctor of the Canon and Civil laws; hence the two L's. L. D. would represent a doctor of *law—legis doctor*. LL. D. a doctor of *laws—legum doctor*. The two L's only indicate the plurality, as the two S's in manuscripts; hence there must be no period between the L's. H. B. H.

**"MATHEMATICAL PARADOX."**—See page 755, volume eighteen.—A paradox is a proposition or demonstration seemingly absurd, but true in fact. The proposition that one is equal to two, seems absurd enough, is enough absurd, is not true in fact. Hence any solution giving this,  $2=1$ , or a like result, is also absurd, whether it seem so or not. The "error" in the solution given by J. C. W., as seen below, arises from dividing nothing by nothing;  $0 \div 0 =$  any number;  $x^2 - a^2 = 0$ ,  $ax - a^2 = 0$ ,  $x - a = 0$ , as found in the subjoined solutions:

SOLUTION OF J. C. W.

1. Let  $x=a$
2. " $x^2=ax$  is (1.)  $\times x$
3. " $x^2-a^2=ax-a^2$  is (2.)  $-(a^2=a^2)$
4. " $x+a=a$  is (3.)  $\div(x-a)$
5. " $a+a=a$  is (4.) val. of  $x$  substituted.
6. " $2a=a$  is (5.) combined.
7. " $2=1$  is (6.)  $\div a$ .

TRUE SOLUTION.

1. Let  $x=a$ .
2. " $x^2=ax$  is (1.)  $\times x$ .
3. " $x^2-a^2=ax-a^2$  is (2.)  $-(a^2=a^2)$ .
4. " $0=0$  is (3.) combined.
5. " $2=1$  is (4.)  $\div 0=(x-a)$ .
6. " $2=75$  is (4.)  $\div 0=(x-a)$ .
7. " $9999=1$  is (4.)  $\div 0=(x-a)$ . A. J. M.

ANSWER TO J. C. W.'S "MATHEMATICAL PARADOX."—First, permit me to remind J. C. W. that in every successful and logical argument, be it mathematical or otherwise, the premises or original hypothesis must not be lost sight of. It is not difficult to prove anything, however absurd, if, after we have laid down our premises, we are at liberty to regard or disregard them at our pleasure.

J. C. W. first supposes  $x=a$ , then after two simple and legitimate algebraic operations, he proposes and actually performs another, which utterly ignores the premises—an operation impossible. Here is his solution in part:

"Let  $x=a$ " (1.)—remember that, J. C. W.

"Then  $x^2=ax$ " (2.)—very well.

"Then  $x^2-a^2=ax-a^2$ " (3.)—all right.

"Now, I propose," says J. C. W., "to divide equation (3.) by  $x-a$ " (?) That is, J. C. W. proposes to divide  $x^2-a^2$ , which, by hypothesis, is nothing,  $=ax-a^2$ , which is nothing, by  $x-a$ , which is likewise nothing! It is usually received, that nothing taken from nothing will leave nothing. By a parity of reasoning, we would conclude that nothing divided by nothing would give a quotient, nothing. But J. C. W. gets a quotient, " $x+a=a$ " (4.) which makes  $x=0$ , which makes  $a=0$ ; for by hypothesis  $x=a$ . Hence it is evident that J. C. W. could have got up his "paradox" with much less labor, as follows: Let  $a=0$ , then  $2a=0=a$ ;

then  $2=1$

Or if he would desire to make it more startling and

"paradoxical" still, let him suppose or deduce as above, by regular, legitimate, algebraic process, that  $a=0$ , then  $777,777,777 a=0=a$ .

Divide by  $a$ ,  $777,777,777 = 1$ . H. B. H.

Solutions to the above were also received from G. B. J., of Iowa; E. C. B., of Governor, N. Y.; J. W. D., New York Mills, N. Y.; G. B. M., of Flint, Mich.; G. W. H., of Indianapolis; J. E. R., Mendon, Mass.; and also by D.—EDITOR.

**BUNCOMBE.**—See Queries in June number, 1858.—Twenty-five or thirty years ago, in Congress, the member from Buncombe county, North Carolina, arose to address the house. Without a very great interest in either the speaker or his subject, many of the members left the hall. The North Carolina delegate very naively told those who remained they might go too, as he should speak for some time, and was only talking for *Buncombe*. The newspapers at once took it up, and thus another expressive word was added to our vocabulary. *Bunkum*—a corruption of the former.

W. H. Y.

**A SINGULAR CRITERION OF CIVILIZATION.**—Baron Liebig in his "Letters on Chemistry," says: "The quantity of soap consumed by a nation would be no inaccurate measure whereby to estimate its wealth and civilization. Of two countries with an equal amount of population the wealthiest and most highly civilized will consume the greatest weight of soap. This consumption does not subserve sensual gratification, nor depend upon fashion, but upon the feeling of beauty, comfort, and welfare attendant upon cleanliness; and a regard to this feeling is coincident with wealth and civilization. The rich in the middle ages concealed a want of cleanliness in their clothes and persons under a profusion of costly scents and essences, while they were more luxuriant in eating and drinking, in apparel and horses. With us a want of cleanliness is equivalent to insupportable misery and misfortune."

**MINOR QUERIES.**—1. *The falling and the projected cannon-ball.*—If it be true—which I do not believe—that a cannon-ball shot horizontally from an elevation, and one let fall from the same place at the same time, will both strike a plane at the same instant, why would not the earth perform one-fourth of its revolution minus half the diameter of the sun in the same time that it would fall to the sun should its projectile force be lost?

C. L. C.

2. *Evidences of the Earth's Diurnal Motion.*—1. Nearly or quite all trees that twist at all twist with the sun, and are all more liable to twist at the top than near the root. 2. Shocks of corn that are set up without tying are liable to twist, and always with the sun. 3. Water running through a smooth, round hole, will form an eddy running with the sun. Now, there must be some law governing all this; if it be not the earth's diurnal motion, what is it? C. L. C.

**A Mathematical Problem.**—Given  $(x^2+xy+y^2) \div (x+y)=14$ , and  $(x^2-xy+y^2) \div (x-y)=18$ , to find the values of  $x$  and  $y$ .

**The Sun and the Earth.**—Does the sun illuminate more than half the earth at once? If so, what causes operate in conjunction with the sun? G. W. H.

## Sideboard for Children.

MARY ASHMAN, THE BOUND GIRL.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"MARY ASHMAN's mother is dead." We girls said it, as we clustered together in the dressing-room, or out on the green at recess, with low voices and sorrowful faces; for Mary was a favorite with the whole school, and now she was fatherless and motherless, just as she was turning the corner of her eleventh year. She was an only daughter, too, and her mother had been stricken very suddenly by the fever, which drank up the fountains of her life. So little Mary, with her blue, dancing eyes, her hair which hung in short, sunny ripples—not curls—over her shoulders—Mary, with her sweet, out-gurgling laugh, which was like the leap of a brook from mountains into meadow grasses, would be all alone, now the mother that watched over her with such tender love was gone to "the angels who behold the face of our Father who is in heaven."

I remember thinking of all these things that day, that which is so far away among the early dates of my memory; and that I slid out quietly from the school-room door in the afternoon, so that Jane Peat, who "went my way," need not see me, because my heart was so heavy with sorrow for Mary, I could n't bear to talk with any body. I had to pass her house on the way home. How wistfully I looked at the little gray cottage, with its blue paper curtains, all drawn closely over the small window panes! and there was that look of stillness and solemnity about the whole, which houses are so apt to wear when death has entered into them. And then I thought how often Mary's bright face, with the smile loitering among its dimples, had burst like a sunbeam out of the front door, or her feet pattered through the grass to the gate, as I paused at it on my way to school.

And then, too, I thought of the graveyard lying on the west hill-side, with the white head-stones seeming in the moonlight of summer evenings like flocks of sheep scattered over the grass and under the willows; and I dreamed of Mrs. Ashman's pale face and folded hands lying here where Mary's voice could never reach her, and the tears, slow and scalding, trickled down over my face.

Just at that moment a loud, gruff voice, close at my side, fairly sprung me off my feet. "Can you tell me where the widow Ashman lives?"

I looked up, and there stood a large, thick-set man, with shaggy eyebrows and a large, coarse, repelling kind of face.

I pointed to the house, and he thanked me with an abrupt nod, and strode on, leaving me in considerable wonder and curiosity.

Mrs. Ashman had been our nearest neighbor, and my mother had been there all that day making arrangements for the funeral. And when she returned at night she informed us that a brother of Mr. Ash-

man had arrived from the city in order to attend the funeral, "but I must say," she added, "I can't fancy the man; he seems coarse and cold-hearted, and I hope Mary won't be left to his care, poor child!"

"Was he a large man, mamma, with a loud voice, and thick, black eyebrows?"

"Yes, dear. Why, how do you know any thing about him?"

"Because it must be the same one I met returning from school to-day," and I saw that the man had made the same impression on mamma as he had on me.

"Going, Mary?" I think my lips must have gasped rather than spoken these words, as we stood there under the old buttonwood-tree in front of Mary's home, two days after her mother's burial.

"Yes, Lizzie, uncle Hugh says that he must get back to the city, and shall take me with him."

She said it quietly, but her face was very pale, and there was a tremulous motion about her mouth, which told better than many tears how much the child was suffering.

"But, Mary, how can you go and leave your home, and all the things that were your mother's?"

"Uncle Hugh says he must sell all the furniture to pay the funeral expenses; and then he knows of a family where he'll put me in the city, and I shall be taken good care of."

"Mary, do you want to go?"

"Want to go! O Lizzie!" there was a pathetic reproach in her voice, but a deeper one in the glance that beamed upon me from the little orphan's sorrowful face before it settled back into that expression of silent suffering, which fairly struck down into my heart.

I was an outspoken, impulsive child, and any story of wrong or suffering roused all the fire of my nature. "It's a burning shame," I cried out here, and I remember it was very hard work to keep down the heart which was choking me. "It's a burning shame, Mary Ashman, for your uncle to take you off from your home just at this time. As if you didn't need all the comfort you can get from the girls who've known and loved you always, and as if your heart would n't pine and break all to pieces away off there among strangers, who do n't know or care any thing about you. Do n't cry, Mary, you sha'n't go."

The little brave heart had given way—great sobs agonized the child's frame, and the tears rolled in salt currents over the cheeks of Mary Ashman.

I was crying, too, though I hardly knew it at the time, and we sat down together on the grass under the great buttonwood-tree, and the little girl drew up close to me with a shiver, though it was June, and the sun had not gone behind the mountain.

"It makes me cold—O so cold, all over, to think of going away from you and all the girls! and then, too,

it seems just as if I was closer to mamma in the rooms where I've seen her sit so often; and I can almost hear her voice following me all round the house. But it'll all be so new, Lizzie, and there won't be any body to talk to about her; and when my heart aches, as it does this minute, there won't be any Lizzie's house right down the road, which I can run over to and get comforted up."

"Well, Mary, if I was you I'd set right up and say I would n't go."

"O, Lizzie, it would n't do any good, then. You do n't know uncle. He speaks so loud and has such a strange way, I'm almost afraid of him."

"I wish our folks had n't all gone to Grafton, today. I know papa would see your uncle and try to have you come and stay with us; but they won't be back till to-morrow night. O, Mary, I can't have you go! What can I do for you?"

"There is one thing," and Mary lifted up her eyes with a strange solemnity in their azure depths, "yes, there is one thing you can do for me, Lizzie."

"Only tell me what it is, Mary."

"Well," speaking slow and softly to keep down the sobs, while the tears oozed out of her eyes, "you can go over to mother's grave just once in a while, Lizzie, and see how it looks, and keep the grass on it clean and nice; and if you could plant a flower there, just a pink, or rose, or violet—O to think I can't ever go to see that any more!" and here she broke down again—poor little Mary Ashman!

"Mary, you know the new moss-rose aunt Hannah sent me from the south. Well, I'll set that out there, and Tom will get a myrtle vine and lilies of the valley, and we'll make it look beautiful by the time you come back."

"I'm afraid that won't be in such a long, long time—not till I'm a woman, Lizzie; then I shall come and live here always close by you."

But I looked off to that time, and it stretched away before me such a great, vast, dim mountain of years, that I was hardly comforted; and then what could I do for the child over whose desolation my heart so ached; I, a little girl just her own age, and my family all away from home! .

"You'll say 'good-by' to the girls for me, Lizzie. Uncle Hugh said I might go this afternoon and get my books, but I could n't see 'em all for the last time. It seemed like 't would kill me."

"I know just how you felt, Mary. I hope your uncle will be real kind to you."

"I hope so;" she said the words with a sigh. "But you know I'd never seen him, Lizzie, and somehow it do n't seem one bit as if he was my uncle."

"Well, Mary, you must n't forget we are your true friends, any how; and come back to us the very first chance you can get. Then here's this little gold breastpin grandma gave me. It's a lily, you see," and I unclasped it from my cape. "You shall have it to remember me by."

The wan face brightened up a little here as she received the gift. Then she unclasped a double string of coral beads from her neck. "And I'll give you these, Lizzie. I remember the first time my mamma clasped them about my neck."

"Then I can't take them, Mary."

"O yes, do, I've got the ring and ever so many other things she gave me! O what would she say if she knew how her little Mary was going off among strangers, who would n't love or pet her any more! She was such a good, beautiful mother; and how careful and tender she used to be of me, and how pleasant she used to say every morning when you called for me to go to school, 'Now be a good girl and take care of yourself, my little daughter!' Can't you hear her now, Lizzie?"

I bowed; I could n't speak.

"You'll say good-by to all the girls and to Tom for me. Tell him I shall think about our old sled rides when the next snow comes."

The night had come down very softly while we sat there talking under the buttonwood-tree. It was time for me to be going, for Mary had all her things to pack away in the little hair trunk which used to be her mother's. I rose up, and she followed me silently to the brown gate.

"Lizzie, you won't forget me when you say your prayers?"

"Not once, Mary."

"I shall say mine just the same, though mamma is n't by to hear me. You know God can, and then she's up there with him now. O why could n't I have gone, too!" Her mouth trembled as she said these words, but her eyes were dry now.

It was more than I could bear. I wanted to get away. "Good-by, Mary!" and I strained her to my heart—my heart that was swelling as though it would break, and then I darted away quickly and ran into the shadows of the road.

"It's a burnin' shame. I wish I'd been here, and he should n't have carried her off," exclaimed my brother Thomas, and he struck his new boots with the new whip father had bought him at Grafton, as though it was a great relief to his feelings; for I had just been giving him and mamma as intelligible a history as I could of my last interview with Mary Ashman.

Many tears had broken the thread of my story, but at last I got through with it. Mamma had wiped her eyes many times during my recital, and Tom had gone to the window, and coughed, and whistled in a very suspicious manner; but he was thirteen years old, and I do believe he would sooner have parted with his little finger than have a girl see him cry.

"If I had only suspected the truth I would have done any thing in the world to have prevented the child's going off with that harsh, unfeeling man," said mamma.

"You would have let her come here and staid with us, would n't you, mamma?"

She looked at me with her sweet, tender smile, that shone more in her eyes than on her lips, and the former were full of tears.

"My dear child, you know papa is only a poor man, and we should be obliged to make a good many sacrifices if we received another into our family. But perhaps we should be richer in the end, for God has promised never to forget those who remember the widow and the fatherless."

"And, mamma, I'd have worn my old bonnet and

cloak this winter, and gone without the muff you'd promised me. O, I'd have done any thing for poor little Mary Ashman—would n't you, Tom?"

"To be sure I would," was the hearty rejoinder of that blunt, mischief-brewing, fun-loving brother of mine. "You could have brushed up my old coat and cap so it would have done this winter, and I'd have gone without my new skates, and Mary should have had all the money I got from selling chestnuts."

"My children, I had rather have you say this than know a thousand dollars had fallen to each of you," added mamma. And then we all fell into making plans for the time when Mary should come back to live with us. She could sleep in my room; for though the bed was n't very wide, mother said it would answer for two such little bodies as we were; and then

we could put a little stool inside the wagon when we went over to town, and there was plenty of room for another on my side of the table. Then, too, in all our plays Mary was to act a part.

Or, we had it all nicely arranged, and we already saw Mary Ashman's golden head darting about the room, or nestling down in the corners.

There was only papa's consent to obtain, and he was pretty certain to come over to mamma's way of thinking.

He had to go to the city in about a month on some business, and this would be the time to hunt up the child and bring her back. So we rested in hope; but every night, as I had promised her, the name of Mary Ashman was not forgotten in my prayers.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### Items, Literary, Scientific, and Religious.

**BISHOP SIMPSON.**—The severe and protracted illness of Bishop Simpson has awakened the sympathy and sorrow of the whole Church. We are glad to hear that there is now a good prospect of his ultimate recovery. He is a man that the Church feels she can not well spare. A correspondent of a southern paper, writing from New York, gives the following pleasing incident connected with the Bishop's affliction: "Bishop Simpson's trip to Europe—of a year—cost him \$2,000, twelve months' severe affliction, and may yet cost him his life. He is a great, good man. At every interval of repose, he employed his pen to finish a book of his travels, hoping thereby to improve his finances; but his exertions seemed to aggravate his disease, and he was advised to desist altogether. These facts being made known, some generous friends started a voluntary contribution, and in a few days \$1,500 was collected in this city, and sent as a free-will offering with many prayers; similar sums were raised in Philadelphia and Baltimore, so that 'the seed of the righteous' are not left to *beg*, though they must suffer affliction. Such acts will live forever." May the good Bishop be raised up, and spared to serve God and his Church many years!

**SOUTHERN BISHOPS.**—Mr. James M. Edney, of New York city, has re-issued, in improved and altogether superior style, his lithograph of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. The picture will make a fine parlor ornament, and ought to have a wide circulation in the south.

**MEDICAL USES OF ICE.**—The medical use of ice has now become very extensive. Medical men advise, as a chief part of the treatment for inflammation of the stomach, the eating at frequent intervals of small pieces of ice, and for inflammation of the brain its constant application to the head. A draught of any ice-cold fluid, when taken in a state of health, produces relief by lessening the amount of animal heat which the human body is constantly generating, first, by absorbing a portion of it; and second, by allowing it to pass off with the surcharged fluids, in the

shape of the perspiration it induces. Its relief in fever arises from precisely the same causes. In inflammation, external or internal, it aids recovery by reducing the size of the vessels carrying blood to the inflamed part.

**THE FATAL OPERATION OF COLD.**—A person frozen to death dies of apoplexy. The heart is arrested and paralyzed, and no longer supplies the brain with arterial blood. Nor is the blood thrown with sufficient force to the extremities. It accumulates, therefore, in the large vessels proceeding immediately from the main spring, and there is no ingress for the blood returning from the brain. The large sinews, therefore, become overgorged, and apoplexy then follows. When the cold has not been severe enough to destroy life entirely, it mutilates the extremities, and mortification ensues from a want of circulation. The Lascars, who arrive in England from India in the winter season, are very prone to this effect of a climate so much colder than their native one—as the records of the London hospitals abundantly prove.

**RANGE OF THE HUMAN VOICE.**—The range of the human voice is quite astounding, there being about nine perfect tones, but 17,592,186,044,515 different sounds; thus 14 direct muscles, alone, or together, produce 16,383; 30 indirect muscles, ditto, 173,741-823, and all in co-operation produce the number we have named; and these independently of different degrees of intensity. A man's voice ranges from base to tenor, the medium being what is called a barytone. The female voice ranges from contralto to soprano, the medium being termed amezzo-soprano—whereas a boy's voice is alto, or between a tenor and a treble.

**THE PRUSSIANS.**—Every province in Prussia has its peculiarity, or property, as they call it. Thus, for example, Pomerania is renowned for stubbornness; East Prussia for wit; the Rhineland for uprightness; Posen for mixed humor; the Saxon for softness; the Westphalian for hams and *pumpernickel*; and Silesia for good nature.

**GREAT ARTESIAN WELL.**—An artesian well lately opened at Bourn, England, sends the water twenty-five feet above the surface, and discharges three hundred and sixty gallons per minute, or 21,600 in one hour. It feeds three mills, and is said to be the greatest well of the kind in the world, excepting the celebrated one in Paris.

**PARASITE OF THE BEE.**—An *acarus* infesting the parasite of the bee has lately been discovered, and a photograph of the insect, magnified one million times, has been taken by Mr. A. Beitsch. It is covered with a carapace or hollow shield, and its feet are armed with sharp claws, by which it keeps a firm hold upon the microscopic creature from which it derives its nourishment, and which in its turn preys upon the honey-gathering bee. As we can discover no limits to the minuteness of organized beings, so we can fix no term to this extraordinary series of parasitic animals preying one on the other.

**HOW WOMEN BEAR HARSHIPS IN KANSAS.**—A correspondent of one of the eastern papers gives the following description of a scene he witnessed:

"During our trip we encountered an Indiana family moving to their new home in Kansas. The husband came to this territory about a year since and located; and now, having returned to Indiana for his household goods, was bringing them to their new western home. They were traveling in a wagon closely covered, and drawn by two horses. They had been about two months on the way, and since reaching the state of Missouri had 'camped out,' or lodged in their wagon, not spending a single night under a roof. The wife was a genial, apple-faced woman of about thirty, and, like the children—two little girls, one of three, the other of six years—seemed to enjoy a degree of health and vigor very unusual among American *ladies*. When we met them the weather was exceedingly severe; the ground was covered with six inches of snow, and the thermometer stood below zero. They camped near us for one night, and persisted in lodging in their wagon, though we found it very difficult to keep warm in a good log house, where bed-clothing was plenty. In the morning, on going out to the wagon, I found the children and the mother both in excellent spirits. In reply to my question whether they had suffered from the cold, she said, 'O, no, we are used to it. The journey has been rather tedious, but we are almost home now.' She looked forward to their rude squatter home as cheerfully and hopefully as if it had been a palace. The hardihood of western women is certainly remarkable; it is unquestionably the result of much exercise in the open air."

**SOLD THE BABY FOR FIFTY DOLLARS.**—A man lately passed through Nashville, Tennessee, with a drove of negroes destined for a southern market. In the lot there were several infants, which he did not desire to take with him, because, as he said, they would injure the sale of their mothers. Some of these he disposed of here, separating them, of course, from their parents. For the sum of fifty dollars he sold to a lady in this city an infant of three months, consoling its mother with the fiendish remark that he would kill it unless he could sell it.—*Nashville Gazette*.

**TO CLEAN GLOVES.**—Lay them on a clean board, and first rub the surface gently with a clean sponge and some camphene, or a mixture of camphene and alcohol. Now dip each glove into a cup containing the camphene, lift it out, squeeze it in the hand, and again rub it gently with the sponge, to take out all the wrinkles. After this gather up the cuff in the hand, and blow into it to puff out the fingers, when it may be hung up with a thread to dry. This operation should not be conducted near to a fire, owing to the inflammable nature of the camphene vapor.

**MAHOGANY STAIN.**—The color of mahogany may be imitated with a strong solution of logwood and fustic put on boiling hot with a brush. The color can be reduced to any depth of shade according to the strength of the liquor employed. After it is quite dry the wood should be varnished and afterward polished. A varnish made with dragon's blood dissolved in alcohol, and applied in two or three coats will make a very good imitation of mahogany. When dry it should be rubbed down with rottenstone and oil.

**ROSEWOOD STAIN.**—This is made of a strong solution of logwood and redwood, commonly called *hypnic*. It is put on the wood when hot with a brush, the dark lines being produced by giving two or three coats, and the light shades one. By washing over the surface of this stain with a weak solution of saleratus, it will receive a bluish tinge and appear of a darker shade. When dry, use any kind of varnish for the production of a polished surface.

**YELLOW STAIN.**—A decoction of turmeric and a little alum, or the grounds of beer and a little sulphuric acid, makes yellow stain on white wood. Dilute nitric acid brushed over white wood, then exposed to the heat of a stove, also makes a yellow stain; this is the most convenient one for imitating maple.

**CARE OF FURNITURE.**—It is often necessary to clean mahogany and marble, and restore mahogany varnish. Use no soap on them, but wash them in fair water, and rub them till dry with a clean soft cloth. A little sweet oil, rubbed on occasionally, gives them a polish. Rub furniture with a cloth dipped in oil, then with a clean cloth till dry and polished. Rubbing with sweet oil will restore spots from which the varnish has been removed. White spots on varnished furniture may be removed by rubbing them with a warm flannel, dipped in spirits of turpentine. Ink spots may be removed by rubbing them with a woolen cloth, dippod in the oil of vitriol and water, being careful to touch only the spots with the vitriol; rinse them with saleratus water, and then with clear water. Mahogany furniture may be beautifully polished thus: rub it with cold drawn linseed oil, then wipe off the oil, and polish by rubbing smartly with a clean dry cloth. All kinds of marble, as well as alabaster, can be cleaned by simply mixing pulverized pumice-stone with verjuice, letting it remain several hours, then dipping in a perfectly clean sponge, and rubbing the marble till it is clean; after this, rinse off with pure water, and rub it dry with a clean linen cloth.

## Literary Notices.

**SILLIMAN'S NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.** *Philadelphia: H. C. Peck & Theo. Bliss.* 1859. 12mo. 720 pp. With 677 Illustrations.—We are indebted to the author for a copy of this most complete elementary work on natural philosophy. It comprises the latest discoveries in the science as well as the best methods of illustration. The author says that "this hand-book has been prepared with a view to give a fair exposition of the present condition of the several departments of physics, and to adapt them to the use of those seminaries of learning in the United States in which this subject is taught, without full mathematical demonstrations. Accuracy of statement, fullness of illustration, conciseness of expression, and a record of the latest and most reliable progress of science in these departments, have been the leading objects in its preparation." The author was assisted by Professor Charles H. Porter, of Albany, N. Y., and by Dr. M. C. White, in the preparation of the work. We recommend it to the attention of teachers.

**CORNELL'S GRAMMAR-SCHOOL GEOGRAPHY.** *New York: D. Appleton & Co.*—This forms a part of a systematic series of school geographies—one of the best and most popular in the United States. It is complete in itself, handsomely illustrated, and got up in fine style.

**THE FAMILY CHORAL:** *being a collection of Hymns and Tunes especially adapted to Family and Social Worship, and embracing some of the most popular revival melodies of the day.* By Rev. A. C. Rose.—The hymn and tune-book has become an institution in the land. It is demanded every-where for the facility and convenience of this part of public worship, and the supply is equal to the demand. The work before us is designed to fulfill the same office for the family altar. It comprises a collection of excellent hymns set to appropriate tunes. So far as we can judge, it is admirably adapted to its design. It is most delightful to see a whole family engage in singing the praises of God, and we know not of a better help than this, unless it be our Church tune and hymn-book. It can be had of the publisher, H. V. Degen, 22 Cornhill, Boston.

**THE PIONEER BISHOP; or, Life and Times of Francis Asbury.** By W. P. Strickland. *New York: Carlton & Porter.* 12mo. 496 pp. \$1.—Since our former reference to this book it has come to hand, and fully meets the expectations awakened. It will live and be read long after the author has ceased from his labors. The Church owes Dr. Strickland a debt of gratitude for fulfilling this long-neglected duty to her "pioneer Bishop." In our columns elsewhere our readers will find a well-written article from the pen of Rev. J. F. Marlay, of which this work is the basis. The work is valuable, not so much for any thing new it contains, as for its being a *resume* of the leading facts in the life and labors of the great apostle of American Methodism; which facts are here, and here only,

presented in a condensed and systematic manner. As all biographers should do, says a cotemporary, Dr. Strickland has presented not only an account of the life and extraordinary labors of this eminent minister of Christ, but has also given us those rapid, outline views of the times in which he lived, so necessary to a correct estimate of the character of every man of mark. The book is stuffed full of thrilling facts, and no one can peruse it without thanking the great Head of the Church for raising up such a man at such a time—a man who, for depth of piety, entire devotion to the cause of God, abundance in labors, and even powers of intellect and varied learning, was not behind even the "chiefest of the apostles;" and who, in consequence, occupies a place in the hearts of American Methodists, side by side with the founder of Methodism himself.

**PALESTINE, PAST AND PRESENT.** *With Biblical, Literary, and Scientific Notices.* By Rev. H. S. Osborn, A. M., Prof. Natural Sciences in Roanoke College, Va. With Original Illustrations and a new Map of Palestine by the Author. *Philadelphia: James Challen & Son. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co.* 1859. Royal 8vo. 600 pp. Cloth, \$3.50; Library Sheep, \$4.—It was not long since that we noticed a splendid work on a kindred subject—"The City of the Great King"—from the press of Messrs. Challen & Son. Now the reading and especially the religious public are laid under still greater obligations by a work of prime importance as to its matter and of scarcely equaled excellence in the style in which it is gotten up, being printed on the finest calendered paper, in large pica type—a splendid page for the eye to behold. The publishers in their advertisement justly say that the work "presents an epitome of the history of Palestine and Phoenicia to the present day, together with scientific notices of great interest in the elucidation of numerous Biblical and classical questions. The work is beautifully illustrated by a series of sixty-seven original engravings from the pencil of the author, giving the reader a clear conception of the cities, villages, architecture, birds, flowers, ancient coins, geological shells, strata, etc. The birds and flowers, together with several landscapes, are printed in richest oil colors. The views are truthful and accurate, and are not transfers from other works, nor libelous caricatures of the sacred localities, as at present abound in nearly every work on the subject. An essential part of the work is a Geographical Appendix, containing every city and nation mentioned in Scripture, with every reference found in the Bible, and the latitude and longitude, prepared, so far as is possible, to accompany the map of the work, which is 30×50 inches in size. This is, perhaps, the finest map of Palestine and Phoenicia, with adjacent districts, that has been published in this country." We have already installed the work among the choice volumes of our library.

**BERTRAM NOEL, A Story for Youth.** By E. J. May. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo. 359 pp.—We have dipped into this volume enough to see that the aim of the author is to inculcate sound moral and religious views and principles, and that the work is written in an attractive style. The members of our family, to whom we committed the reading of it, speak of it in highest terms of commendation, of both its literary character and its religious teachings. They call upon the author to complete her task in a sequel. For sale by Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.

**META' GRAY; or, What Makes Home Happy.** By M. J. M'Intosh. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co.—This is a well-written and instructive sketch of filial affection and domestic sympathy. The subject of the story is a little girl, who, by her sweet disposition and gentle deportment, reconciles estranged members of her father's family, and illustrates the Christian graces in their influence and effects. Illustrations of the divine life are more popularly useful than didactic discourses; for few need to have their judgments convinced, while all require to have their hearts softened. This little volume presents a pleasing picture of the workings of the heavenly love which purifies, and changes, and molds man's carnal nature into an image of itself. It may be read with profit by adults as well as by children, for whom it is especially designed. S.

**THE GOLDEN AGE** is the title of a new moral and religious poem by Rev. L. W. Peck, of the New York conference. It contains 208 pages, 12mo., and is issued by E. Goodenough, 122 Nassau-street, New York city. We are dependent on a friend for this notice. He says: "Mr. Peck is an ardent lover of nature, and yields a graceful pen. This is an effort at the beautiful weaving up of the temperance idea into a poem." Our readers may expect further notice. In the mean time we give the following excerpt from Book VI. "United Hearts" is the theme:

"When in youth's cloudless morn we wandered forth,  
And all the outward beauty of the world  
Was mirrored in the still and dreamy soul;  
When first we chased the gilded butterfly,  
And roused the jealous bee among the flowers,  
We little thought that Love was slumbering there  
To wound us with a glance, and bind us fast  
With the soft fetter of a golden tress.  
The boy who carried water from the spring,  
Beneath the tasseled pine, or giant oak,  
With raptured gaze beheld the artless girl  
That sometimes met him there, and stirred his soul  
As wildly as the crystal streams they dipped.  
But deeper flows reciprocated love.  
Whene'er two hearts each in the other find  
Their lacking supplied, love answers love  
In sweet communings, as when sinks the line  
That joins two hemispheres, and through the deep  
Blue ocean fly, beyond the eye of man,  
The fire-winged words with instantaneous thrill,  
But who can tell how much Truth owes to Love  
Where human passions, griefs, and hopes, and fears,  
Move on together with the plans of God?"

**EXPERIENCE OF GERMAN MISSIONARIES.**—A new book by Dr. Adam Miller, for several years a missionary among the Germans of our country, is just issuing from the press. It contains the religious experience and labors of a number of the German Methodist

preachers, and shows how the grace of God, through their instrumentality, has operated upon the hearts of thousands, who, in their native country, had never heard of the new birth and the necessity of a change of heart. Some of the sketches are deeply interesting, and will be read with attention. The very peculiarities of the religious experience of these Germans, and the idiomatic forms in which they express that experience, gives peculiar piquancy and interest to the work. 12mo. 400 pp. \$1.

**MARYLAND SLAVERY AND MARYLAND CHIVALRY.** By Rev. J. S. Lame, of the Philadelphia Conference. 8vo. 59 pp., pamphlet. 20 cents.—Mr. Lame fully substantiates the correctness of the pictures of slavery in Maryland and in the "border" region, as given heretofore by Rev. J. D. Long and Rev. J. M. M'Carter, of the same conference. On page fifth Mr. Lame says: "As it is known to the Church that the author of the following pages has been recently expelled from the field of labor to which he was appointed at the last session of the Philadelphia annual conference, it is but just that the Church should be acquainted with the crime with which he is charged—for which he has been tried and adjudged guilty—and is now suffering the penalty of expatriation."

Mr. Lame had incurred the heinous crime of believing that slavery was begotten in wrong and perpetuated in iniquity, and for this crime was compelled, not only to give up his circuit, but to flee the very region blighted by this foul and polluting curse. Men who are in the wrong find it easier to get rid of an opponent by brute force than by counter fact or argument. The instinct of despotism is to crush out opposition. Mr. Lame, in this pamphlet, not only defends himself, but also carries the war into the enemy's camp. On page sixth he gives one of his pictures: "Occupying the kitchen attached to the house in which we resided, were five negroes. They were utterly destitute of a bed. A few filthy rags constituted their only couch. During the excessively severe winter of 1856, as we lay on our own comfortable bed, our heart ached as we thought of the destitution and suffering of those poor slaves, who had so few friends to sympathize with them, no kind hand to minister to their necessities, no mother's gentle care in directing their erring steps, and with minds utterly untutored. In the depths of winter, through the long, cold nights, while their master and mistress were reposing on comfortable beds—the product of those negroes' labor—they lay, with the wind whistling through the quarter, while the snow became their covering. Thoughts suggested by these circumstances kept wakeful our midnight hours."

On page eighth he says: "One old, back-bent, hard-handed man of toil stated that, in his younger days, he labored all day for his master, and spent the whole of six consecutive nights working for his personal benefit; and that, when he expressed his wish to marry a free girl, his master, to intimidate him, threatened to sell him south. He married a slave, and, as a consequence, that wife, with a portion of his children, are now probably in the rice swamps of the south. But he got another wife and children. Ought we to have expelled him for the crime of adultery? We pause for a reply. As the result of ex-

cessive labor and great exposure, his spine is curved, his limbs twisted and distorted, and he stands as an animated exhibition of the beauties of bondage, and as a mute appeal to indignant heaven for retributive justice."

On page ninth we have another picture: "A slave, belonging to a Methodist of extensive wealth, waited on the writer and designated an evening on which he wished to be married, and brought with him, as usual in such cases, a certificate from the master, which we insert:

"Mr. Lane you may marry my man John to my girl An. I give my consent. [Signed] J. S."

"We told plain John that he ought to ask 'massa John' for a dollar to give the preacher for getting married; and John brought the munificent sum of twenty-five cents."

Here is another picture. It is found on page seventeenth of the pamphlet: "Taking tea, on a certain Sabbath evening, at the house of my former host, [a brother in the Church,] the cook they had employed the last year entered the kitchen weeping, wringing her hands, and sobbing out that 'her master had sold her to 'Georgy,' and she must go next Tuesday, and leave four of her children; six children she claimed, though she never claimed to be a wife. She besought us, 'for God's sake to buy her.' I now looked to the brow of our steward, [that is, Church steward,] for a cloud of indignation, and to his lips for some innuendo, at least, against slavery. He struck up a merry tune, and told his wife that he had heard glorious accounts of the far south; it was a perfect paradise for slaves—and on he sung. Whether the poor woman went to Georgia or not, I am unable to say, but not long after a chained captive was seen on the deck of a vessel bound down the river."

Mr. Long, in speaking of the "mercenary slave-holders" in the Church, says "they are sheltered by the Discipline." Mr. Lane correctly dissents from such a position and says: "The Discipline of our Church does not shelter them; it is the evasions of the Discipline that protect them; for we aver that the chapter on slavery is a dead letter, an effete thing, defunct, beyond all hope of resurrection."

The following is a specimen of the evasions referred to: "A little more than a twelvemonth since a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church died, having left a slave, whom another Methodist sold to a nigger-buyer. Another died within a shorter period of time, and his two-legged cattle were sold along with his four-legged."

We have not space for further notice. The book is well worth perusal. Messrs. Lane, M'Carter, and Long have made painful exposures of the condition of slavery along "the border" and of the complicity of many members of the Church with it. It is our solemn conviction that such members are as little justified by the Discipline of the Methodist Church as they are by the Bible. The spirit that breaks down the Discipline "as it is," would break down any and every ecclesiastical law. What, then, is the remedy? It is simple. Enlighten the public mind; create a sound and healthy public sentiment. Already the beginnings of the precious leaven are seen. The author says on page fifty-one: "We are not, however,

without friends. There are as noble hearts on that field of labor as ever beat in mortal bosom. Men, and women, too, there dared to stem the torrent that had set against us, and sympathized with and succored their friend in the hour of extremity. Noble spirits, self-sacrificing in devotion, and uniting in toil. It would afford much pleasure to mention their names, did not such mention expose them to the same fiery trial that has tried us. May the best blessings of God be their everlasting inheritance! Amen."

*THE IMPENDING CRISIS OF 1860; or, the Present Connection of the Methodist Episcopal Church with Slavery, and our Duty in Regard to it. By H. Mattison. New York: Mason & Brothers. 12mo. 136 pp. Sent by Mail, post paid, for 30 cents in stamps.*—The first chapter of this work brings out in clear and strong light the earnest antislavery character of the founders of Methodism. Mr. Mattison also denounces in clear and strong terms the enormity of tolerating within the pale of the Church those who make merchandise of the souls and bodies of men. But his exposition of the relation of the Church to slavery we can not receive. Her testimony against it has always been clear and explicit. She has ever required the putting away of evil of every kind, and at the same time denounced slavery as a "great evil." Especially has she forbidden the buying or selling of slaves where the intention was to hold and use them as property, thus not sanctioning the holding of slaves, as some would have it, but setting her seal of disapprobation upon the practice of slavery. We admit that some incongruities have crept into the minor legislation of the Church; but these can never obliterate, though they may, so long as they are permitted to stand, somewhat break the force of her clear and strong enunciation of principle on the subject.

*THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, October, 1858, contains,*

1. Memoirs of the Court of England during the Regency, 1811-1820.
2. Report of the Trial of Madeleine Smith at Edinburgh in June, 1857.
3. History of Ancient Pottery.
4. M. Guizot's Historical Memoirs.
5. Contributions to the Philosophy of Vision.
6. The Earls of Kildare and their Ancestors.
7. Studies of Homer and the Homeric Age.
8. Guy Livingstone or Thorough.
9. The London Cotton Plant.
10. The Edinburgh Review and Mr. Froude's History.

*THE LONDON QUARTERLY, October, 1858, contains,*

1. Publications of the Arundel Society.
2. Horace and his Translators.
3. Wiseman's Last Four Popes.
4. James Watt.
5. The Roman at his Farm.
6. Sir Charles Napier.
7. The Past and the Present Administrations.

*BLACKWOOD, December, 1858, contains,* A Cruise in the Japanese Waters; What will he do with it? Part XIX; A Pleasant French Book; The International Copyright Congress; The Indian Mutiny and the Land Settlement; Cousin John's Property; Sermons; Bright Absurdities; and Index.

Messrs. L. Scott & Co., 54 Gold-street, New York city, republish from *advance sheets*, and in the same style as the British editions, the following leading British periodicals, namely: The London Quarterly—Conservative; The Edinburgh Review—Whig; The

North British Review—Free Church; The Westminster Review—Liberal; Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine—Tory. These periodicals ably represent the three great political parties of Great Britain—Whig, Tory, and Radical—but politics forms only one feature of their character. As organs of the most profound writers on science, literature, morality, and religion, they stand, as they ever have stood, unrivaled in the world of letters, being considered indispensable to the scholar and the professional man; while to the intelligent reader of every class they furnish a more correct and satisfactory record of the current literature of the day, throughout the world, than can be possibly obtained from any other source.

The terms, per annum, for any one of the four Reviews, \$3; for any two of the four Reviews, \$5; for all four of the Reviews, \$8; for Blackwood's Magazine, \$3; for Blackwood and the four Reviews, \$10.

**THE ANNUAL MINUTES OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH** make a sturdy 8vo. pamphlet of 348 pp. It is richly freighted with the statistics of the Church, showing her progress and condition in every department of her work. It is a document that every minister and every intelligent family in our communion ought to possess. Price, only 50 cents.

**DR. J. T. CRANE'S ANNUAL SERMON** before the American Sunday School Union, is complimented by being published by the Board at their house, 1,122 Chestnut-street, Philadelphia. A fine discourse.

**FIELD NOTES OF GEOLOGY.** By A. Osborn. New York: Sherman & Co., 1 Vesey-street. 12mo., pamphlet. 82 pp.

**VINDICATION OF BORDER METHODISM.** By Rev. Samuel Huffman, of the Missouri Conference, with an Introduction by Rev. J. L. Conklin.—An able vindication of the right of the ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church to preach Christ in the state of Missouri, and also of the Church from the slanders of her enemies. 8vo. 47 pages.

**PROCEEDINGS OF THE ANTISLAVERY CONVENTION OF THE BLACK RIVER CONFERENCE, held at Oswego, N. Y., November 9 and 10, 1858.** 8vo. 8 pp.

**THE COAST SURVEY; its Cost, Abuses, and Power.**

**MINUTES OF THE INDIANA ANNUAL CONFERENCE, for 1858.** President, Bishop Janes; Secretary, W. M'K. Hester.

The following Catalogues have come to hand:

1. **WESLEYAN ACADEMY,** Wilbraham, Mass.—thirty-third annual catalogue. Principal, Rev. Miner Raymond, D. D., assisted by nine teachers. Number of students, 593.

2. **ONEIDA CONFERENCE SEMINARY,** Cazenovia, N. Y.—thirty-third catalogue. Principal, Rev. Edward G. Andrews, A. M., assisted by nine teachers. Number of students—gentlemen, 233; ladies, 190.

3. **M'KENDREE COLLEGE,** Lebanon, Ill.—seventh triennial catalogue. Rev. N. E. Cobleigh, A. M., President, assisted by six professors. Number of students—college, 82; preparatory, 90: total, 172.

4. **BAKERSFIELD NORTH ACADEMY,** Bakersfield, Vt.—fourteenth annual catalogue. Principal, Rev. Henry J. Moore, A. M., assisted by five teachers. Number of students, 163.

### New York Literary Correspondence.

**American Holidays**—Santa Klaus—Moore's "Visit of St. Nicholas"—New-Year's Day—Methodist Antiquities—Strickland's Pioneer Bishop—New York Memorials of Methodism—Early Lay Co-operation—Methodist Historical Society—Literature of the Day—New Monthlys—The Secular Press—Religious Newspapers.

In this locality the expression "the holidays" has a real and definite significance as indicating a prominent and notable way-mark in the circle of the year. The paucity of well-established festivals is an evil in American society, for, by the joint influence of our non-churchism and our poverty of national legends and traditions, our year is quite too nearly made up of three hundred and sixty-five very common-place days. The religious element in society still retains the Christian Sabbath, and causes it to be partially recognized among us. The remembrance of the times of '76 makes the 4th of July a notable day, and the same influence is steadily pressing Washington's birthday into the category of holidays, and the puritanical element has given us the Thanksgiving. Besides these we have the holidays, so called by way of eminence, Christmas and New-Year's day, and, to some extent, the included week. The festive character of this season, however, is but very partially recognized in many parts of the country. In

New England, where the celebration of Christmas was formerly prohibited by law as a polluted "rag" of the "scarlet lady," the day is still but little honored, though the united influences of a true religious regard for the festival of the advent, and an increasing aesthetical deference for traditional observances is gradually recalling the sons of the Puritans from the erratic notions and practices of their ancestors. In the southern states the slave population keep up the remembrance of Christmas, but since in all that region, and in the west also, the commercial year is coincident with that of the calendar, that season is devoted much more to business than to festivities. Some little and hasty attention is still given to Christmas as a holiday, but New-Year's day is rather formidable than joyous, since then begins the severe toils of the succeeding twelve-month.

In New York both the traditional sentiments of the people and the order of secular business, which then takes its semi-annual breathing-spell, unite to give a festal character to this season. Our Dutch ancestors, though the staunchest sort of Protestants, were not at all affected with the "sour godliness" of their eastern neighbors. Almost the only old-world legend that has become fairly naturalized among us relates to the Dutchman's Christmas. St. Nicholas,

or, to use the pure vernacular, *Santa Klaus*, the patron of Amsterdam in the *low countries*, is acknowledged with equal honors in the overgrown New Amsterdam; and here, whether from his pure love to the little folks and with a prudent regard to the perpetuity of his dominion, he extends his favors especially, though not exclusively, to the children. By this means the minds of the little ones very early become strongly inclined to favor the legendary saint, who, on Christmas eves, rides with his sleigh and reindeer on the house-tops and comes down the chimneys to put toys and gineracks into their stockings, which are duly hung in the chimney-corners for his accommodation. Of late years the introduction of stoves and grates, instead of the ample fireplaces and broad chimneys of the past age, has sadly interfered with these arrangements; nevertheless, the stockings are still duly suspended, and the holiday presents of the household very generally make their appearance under the constructive purveyance of the genial little saint.

The strength of the position of this legend among us is well illustrated in the hold it has taken upon our literature. One of the most popular poems ever produced in this city is "The Visit of St. Nicholas," by C. C. Moore, Esq., which is simply a poetical rendering of the popular and traditional notion of the annual Christmas visit of *Santa Klaus*. Probably no other literary production is so widely popular among us; and, although more than a quarter of a century has passed since it was first published, its popularity is still increasing. It is found in the best collections of modern poetry, it has been illustrated by some of our best artists, it is annually reissued in the magazines and newspapers, and is learned and rehearsed by succeeding generations of the protégés of the good saint. Such a marked success can not be entirely owing to the merely literary value of the piece; it answers to a sentiment in the public mind, and gives form and expression to a pleasant local legend, and, therefore, it is cherished.

The festal character of the first day of the year is more strictly local and indigenous. How it originated, and from what causes its observance came to take its present shape is not very well determined. Possibly the idea of making this day a high festival grew out of the old English custom of the "Yule log," which was formerly somewhat in use in this region. On Christmas morning the youngsters of the family would place upon the fire the largest log that the fireplace would receive, taking pains to select one of the most incombustible materials, and while this was burning, their holidays continued; and on the last day, which was usually after a week, a general merrymaking would occur. The disuse of the "Yule log," both from the lack of materials after the forests had been cut away, and also from the lack of suitable fireplaces, left the closing holiday of the season to be determined arbitrarily, and so it fell by common consent to the first day of the year. It is scarcely probable that two holidays of the same nature could have been maintained at an interval of only a week; and had not some other method been invented of keeping "New-Year's," it would most likely ere this time have lost its peculiar character.

It has, accordingly, come to be used as a day of general greeting among friends and acknowledged acquaintances. The mode of doing the thing is on this wise: The ladies remain at home arrayed in their best attire, with their parlors set out to the best possible advantage, and their tables loaded with the richest refreshments. At about ten in the morning the performance begins by the sallying out of the gentlemen on their rounds of calls. Old men and young men, the grave and the gay, the dignified and the lowly alike confess the authority of the custom by rendering it a practical obedience. The tradesman avails himself of it to remind his customers that their calls will still be acceptable; the physician comes uncalled, and without the usual accompaniment of sorrows; the lawyer calls upon the families of his clients to assure them of his "distinguished consideration," and even the popular parson finds it convenient just then to enlarge or renew his personal acquaintances, with a prudent reference to the approaching sale of pews in his church. Young bachelors especially bless the day, since it affords them the desired opportunity to find access to places and persons from which the conventionalities of society at other times exclude them, and so to commence acquaintances to be afterward renewed and matured. To the ladies, of course, the day is one of very peculiar interest. Each visitor's name is duly recorded; the derangement and diminution of the table's store is complacently noted, and at the closing hour, that is, from ten to eleven in the evening, the aggregate of calls is reckoned up with a most lively interest. All kinds of vehicles are brought into requisition by those who can command them; the public conveyances are crowded, and pedestrians throng the streets. As the day wears on there are evidences that the temperance reform is not yet perfect, and the decorum and social pleasures of the day are too frequently marred by the exhibitions of finely-dressed young men having taken early lessons from their fair entertainers in the fatal art of self-destruction. Such is New-Year's day in New York. Perhaps you will think the extension of that festival is not a thing to be desired. It has, however, its redeeming traits, and whether its extension is desirable or not, it is extending to other cities, and already it has become a usage at the national capital.

A very considerable interest has recently sprung up among the Methodists of this locality relative to their local "antiquities." Hitherto they have been rather remarkably remiss in respect to every thing of the kind, and many highly-valuable mementoes of the past have been permitted to perish through mere negligence. It is said that there is not a complete series of the Reports of the Methodist Missionary Society in existence, and the files of the periodicals issued at the Book Concern are both scanty and imperfect, while the collection of early publications on Methodist History and Biography is exceedingly meager. During the past quarter of a century a vast amount of unrecorded history has helplessly perished by the decease of the persons who alone possessed it; for, since writing has come so fully into use, traditional history has altogether ceased. The old Methodist preachers were celebrated for their powers of

narration and description; but while listening so intently to their glowing and more than romantic stories of toils, adventures, and successes, we strangely forgot, that while each year would add new value to these relations, it would also diminish the number of those who could answer the growing demands.

Something, however, has been done to rescue the *memorabilia* of early American Methodism from oblivion. The first generations of Methodist preachers were accustomed to keep journals, and to write out sketches of their own histories, some of which have been printed, and others still exist in manuscript. The old Methodist Magazines, and some of the earlier numbers of the *Christian Advocate*, contain valuable sketches, both local and personal, which cast light on various portions of our early history; but all these united cover but a very small part of the great whole to which they belong. Could the whole or the chief part of these things be collected and written, it would constitute a mass of facts and incidents of very great interest, and highly valuable to the future historian.

A good work of this kind was done by the present editor of the *Christian Advocate* and *Journal* some years since in collecting and writing out his "Memorials of Methodism in the Eastern States." These volumes are valuable, not only on account of what they contain, but also as demonstrating what may be gleaned in that field of inquiry. Without at all detracting from the high character of the original New England Methodism, a still more interesting history could be made up from its labors and victories in the middle states, and of no other parts more especially than of that section of country embraced in the New York conference of fifty years ago. Of these things we have some gleanings in Dr. Bangs's History, and in the memoirs of Garretson, Abbott, and Hibbard, and especially in the "Life and Times of Bishop Hedding." Wakeley's "Lost Chapters" is a kind of resurrectionist's work—like the operations of a Belzoni or Layard—and is valuable in itself, and a pledge of the richness of the mine out of which its good things come. There are, doubtless, a good many "old books" yet in existence which, if used in like manner, would illustrate many other departments of our denominational history. Dr. Strickland's new Life of Bishop Asbury belongs to the same class of books, and is a valuable contribution to its class; for, though it contains but little that was not before known, yet it is there presented in a much more concise and readable form. Probably the surviving contemporaries of the pioneer Bishop will read it with very deep interest, and yet they will be dissatisfied, because the image there presented does not come up to their ideal. I wish every old Methodist preacher who knew the Bishop personally would make notes to that book from his own personal recollections and knowledge of facts; they would be invaluable, and would tend to awaken a more just and adequate appreciation of the character, labors, and undying influence of a man who was scarcely second to any other in his practical agency in shaping the moral and social destinies of the country. I note, as among the signs of the times, an elaborate and appreciative article in the *Knickerbocker* for the present month—January,

1859—on Bishop Asbury as an "ignored character" in American history.

Probably no other portion of the country is so rich in local memorials of early Methodism, as New York and its vicinity, including the whole valley of the Hudson. Here was the celebrated sail-loft where Embury's little class assembled, and where he and Captain Webb officiated as lay preachers. It is a curious fact respecting that old house, that it kept its place, without any change to its exterior, for nearly ninety years after it was first used for the purpose which gave it celebrity. I have sometimes stopped to gaze at it, standing in the midst of five-storyed brick and stone warehouses, with its sharp peaked roof, with eaves scarcely higher than I could reach, and gable to the street, a relic and monument of a gone-by age and generation. It was at length removed only a few years ago, and a portion of its timbers wrought into relics, of which, quite possibly, you may find one in your own office. The old John-Street Church, too, is monumental, though the present edifice is comparatively modern. It was a most vandal purpose entertained by some of its trustees to sell out that property and remove away up town—a measure utterly uncalled for, and one which never ought to have been tolerated for a moment. Happily the danger is now past, and the old church is likely to remain—a Mecca for sojourning Methodists in our metropolis, and a tabernacle where, ever as of old, "to the poor the Gospel is preached."

I have alluded to the richness of the Methodistico-historical materials within the region covered by the New York conferences. One element which characterized early Methodism and sharply contradistinguished it from other Churches of that time, was here especially active. I refer to the efficient co-operation of laymen in the work of evangelization. Some of these were local preachers, who, though local as to their residences, nevertheless traveled extensively, and performed a vast amount of service, which was given to the hearers as wholly without cost as were the gifts of grace to the preacher himself. But the greater number of these lay evangelists never assumed the title of preachers, nor pretended to deliver formal sermons. They were styled "exhorters," and most worthily did they justify the appellation; and their public exercises, in which often two or three united, and into which they pressed all available assistance, were called *prayer meetings*. Many of them were men of strong common sense, and distinguished for great force of character, developed and strengthened in the struggles of the war of Independence, which for seven years swept over this region like a perpetual hurricane. These elements of character became strongly intensified by the deep and thorough nature of their religious experience, and thus was prepared a class of religious pioneers rarely equaled in zeal and efficiency. This whole region, at the close of the war, was a moral waste, and into this field these untitled and—except by God—uncalled evangelists entered and labored with a spirit and a will. I have heard many an earnest story of the wonderful displays of gracious influences in their meetings, and admiring accounts of their thrilling eloquence, though, like that of Patrick Henry's

famous plea against the parsons, the precise characteristics which gave it its power could never be described. A few of these remained to a comparatively recent period, and occasionally in their last years displayed something of the fire and earnestness of former times. But, for the most part, the race of "exhorters" has passed away, though we still have a modification of the order in the "prayer meeting associations" of this city and vicinity, which did such effective service, and gained some celebrity during the great revival of last winter and spring.

The increased interest which I referred to has manifested itself in the organization of a Methodist Historical Society, at the Book Room, by which arrangements are made for the collection and preservation of historical matter—books, pamphlets, papers, manuscripts, portraits, pictures, and relics of all kinds, by which Methodist history may be preserved and illustrated. Its beginning is humble and unpretending, very far below the requirements of the case, and yet, perhaps, it is not therefore the less hopeful, since nearly all really-great and eminently-successful institutions have had similar beginnings. It enters upon a wide field, and proposes to gather a large and highly-valuable harvest; we may hope that they who have the work in hand will prove themselves equal to its demands.

A prominent feature of the general literature of the day is the rage for monthly magazines. Quarries are slow coaches, quite too slow for this fast age, and, indeed, adapted only to the use of scholars, and for the discussion of grave and learned subjects. But monthlies seem to be a nearer approach to the popular demand, and, because they are more pretentious than the weeklies, they are sought for and read by a somewhat more elevated class. The marked success of some of the best class of monthlies during the past few years seems to have operated as a stimulus to a host of aspirants to their honors and emoluments. New monthlies have sprung up this year more numerous than ever before since that prolific period of which we have so graphic an account in the *Dunciad*, and, from what I have seen of the new brood, I judge they are much of the same sort with those there characterized, and, probably, destined to a similar brief career and inglorious end.

The newspaper press in the country generally, and in this city especially, is evidently rapidly growing in character and influence. That there is both room and need for this will be readily confessed, and every friend to social progress must be gratified with the course these things are taking. The established and well-known dailies are pretty generally increasing their editorial strength, and taking a wider range of subjects for discussion, and much more elaborately preparing the articles than was attempted only a few years since. A new candidate for public favor in this department has just made its appearance—"The Century," a daily newspaper of general intelligence, politics, literature, and religion, published by T. M'Elrath, Esq., a veteran in the newspaper field. It is yet too early to pass judgment upon its merits.

The publishers of religious newspapers seem also to be waking up somewhat to the interests of their affairs. It has seemed to me for some years that the

religious press has not kept pace with the secular, a fact very greatly to be regretted. I think, too, the religious public do not adequately appreciate the power of the newspaper press in religious and ecclesiastical affairs, and that quite too little attention is devoted to it by both ministers and laymen. There has, however, been a steady though rather slow progress for several years past, and now there seems to be indications of still greater improvements. In this particular the venerable *New York Observer* seems to be taking the lead; for, old, fastidious, and rigidly conservative as it is, it is still full of vigor, and seems determined to yet outstrip all its juniors in the race of substantial improvement. Its more precarious and earnest, youthful rival, the *Independent*, is pressing hard after it, but for some time it has seemed to scarcely hold an equal course.

The Methodist newspaper press has been on the whole eminently successful. It has addressed itself for the most part to the masses, and has been more distinguished for its adaptation to the immediate demands of its readers than to the higher ulterior purpose of elevating their tastes and habits of thought so as to acquire something still better; yet even this has not been wholly neglected, and the results have been highly encouraging. If one might be allowed a criticism in the case, I would suggest whether the considerations of profit and loss have not had too large a place, especially in the management of the two principal sheets. It seems to me the connectional element has been too fully developed in this case, that to support a number of local non-paying sheets the great central organs have been dwarfed, and rendered relatively ineffective. Both the *New York* and the *Western Advocate* ought to be greatly enlarged and their force of editors and contributors strengthened, and, in order to do this, their pecuniary outlays should be correspondingly increased.

The sphere of a religious newspaper is a very comprehensive one; there is scarcely any subject which it should not lay hold of, and bring within the range of its animadversions. Trade, agriculture, science, literature, art, politics and political intelligence, theological discussions, ecclesiastical proceedings, religious news, domestic and foreign, as well as denominational affairs generally, should be brought under notice in the columns of such a paper, and all these several themes subjected to a thorough and fearless examination, and upon them all the judgment of Christian morality and Gospel truth should be calmly and forcibly pronounced. I can not but believe that the morals and intelligence of the nation are suffering on account of the remissness of the religious press in these things, and, therefore, I greatly deprecate the want of broader and more liberal views among those who have the direction of these papers. Secular publishers dare to lead off in business enterprises, trusting to the public to justify their confidence; why may not the publishers of religious papers do so too?

By this time I suppose the Repository has gotten fairly under way on her nineteenth voyage. May she have a fair sky and favoring breezes; and may her stores be fuller and richer than ever they have been!

## Editorial Paper.

### CALL AND PREPARATION OF YOUNG MINISTERS.

We have already spoken at length upon the "great revival" of the past year. We have discussed its peculiar agencies and characteristics. We have also spoken of the responsibility connected with the great number of probationers in the Church—young Christians needing watch-care and nurture—of the causes and perils of backsliding, and how those who have the pastoral oversight of the Churches may guard the flock of Christ. We have also endeavored to unfold the agency of our Church literature in the safe-keeping and nurture of young converts. Thus have we sought to show how we might not only secure the fruits of the great revival, but how we may continue to use those fruits as seed for new and still more glorious harvests in the time to come. We propose now a few thoughts upon a subject closely connected with these themes; namely, the call and preparation of young ministers.

The subject is pressed upon us by a survey of the present condition of the Church. Her annual Minutes show an aggregate membership of 820,519, the increase being 136,036. New societies have been formed and call for ministerial help. Old societies have colonized or been greatly enlarged, so as to demand more pulpit and pastoral labor than has sufficed them heretofore. Then, too, the material resources, the social position, and the intellectual character of our societies every-where have been improving. The missionary work also is looming up gloriously, demanding men as well as material aid; in some instances demanding men that are trained and educated for the work. These circumstances call not only for an increased number of ministers, but also for a corresponding improvement in ministerial talent. Those who are in the ministry must stir up the gift that is in them, by closer application to prayer and study, by a more careful cultivation of ministerial talent, and by a more thorough preparation for the pulpit, or they will lag behind—become *effete*—fail of success and usefulness. Dozing, sleeping men are not the men for the grand movements and the gigantic enterprises opening up before the Church in the present day. Those who are to enter the ministry must be brought to feel that no ordinary attainments will meet the demands of the Church, or be commensurate with the responsibilities of the work. But this should be no discouragement; for while a higher order of talent and attainment are constantly demanded, the facilities for preparation increase in corresponding ratio. Our seminaries, colleges, and Biblical institutes stand with open doors, inviting them to enter and equip themselves for their great work. Once it was not so. We had hardly a school in the land where our young men could be trained, except under influences altogether adverse to the faith they had espoused. But, thanks be to God! this evil is removed. No schools in the land—from the college

downward—we speak it not boastingly but truthfully, are more efficient in their organization, more complete in their equipment, or more successful in their work than those established under the auspices of the Church. If, then, she demands more, as to mental culture and equipment of her young preachers, she has given them facilities for acquiring more. Yes, for acquiring all she demands.

We look around and inquire whence the Church is to draw the supply for this constantly-increasing demand for more and yet more laborers. We look to her records and there we find enrolled over 188,000 probationers. Probably one-third of her entire membership are yet below the period of middle life—are yet young. This would give us nearly 300,000 young people in the laity of the Church. Many of these are well employed—active officers and teachers in our Sunday school and Bible classes. Some have already become official members of the Church, are active in social meetings, and have both gifts and graces for usefulness. They promise much, even in their present relation, for the future of the Church. But how many of them ought to be thrust out into the ministry; or, at least, have their minds directed to a preparation for the great and responsible work!

We do not mean that the Church has any right to thrust men out into the ministry as she may choose, whether they are called of God or not. But we have no doubt multitudes are really called of God to the work of the ministry who never obey the call. Multitudes are called by Heaven to a religious life. They are conscious of the obligation, but after all neglect it. How often are such encouraged and helped by some earnest Christian having the discernment to read their case! How often is a word of encouragement or of admonition made instrumental in effecting that which Heaven had long been laboring to accomplish! Thus does God put honor upon human instrumentality. Just so with regard to those called to the ministry. They often need a word of encouragement to relieve their self-distrust; admonition to stir them up and quicken their apprehension of the divine call and the sacredness of its obligations; help to relieve their difficulties and to start them. Some of the most useful and influential men in the ministry, but for this kind aid, had, perhaps, never entered the work. Said an elderly preacher once in our presence, "As long as I have been in the ministry, I never yet have brought forward a young man for the conference." "I am sorry for you," replied a brother minister present, "I have brought forth eleven. I thank God that, however little I can preach myself, and however little I have effected by my ministry, I have been instrumental in bringing out those who can preach, and whose ministry is blessed to the saving of souls." And then he named them one after another, and among them were some of the ablest and most successful preachers in the conference. One was a shoemaker, another a hatter, another a clerk, another a

lawyer, another a merchant, etc., and the faithful minister having discernment to discover the buried talent in them, and remembering that our Savior had said, "Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into the harvest"—thus joining human instrumentalities with divine influences—was not slow to contribute what influence he had to bring these laborers out into the harvest-field. What wisdom, what spiritual discernment is needed that we may be able to discover those on whom God has set his seal, calling them to the work of the ministry! And when their timid, shrinking natures would lead them to hide themselves instead of coming forth at the call of God, how blessed the work of taking them by the hand and breathing into their souls words of encouragement!

We submit to our brethren who sustain the ministerial relation, whether this is not a part of our duty in which we have been too remiss, and whose importance we have not rightly estimated.

You say, we sometimes mistake, and call out men when it afterward becomes evident that they are not called of God. What if we do sometimes mistake? It is an error of the *head* not of the *heart*. The very effort proves that our heart is right. And is it not better to mistake, to fail now and then, than to do nothing at all? To do nothing is to make a *total failure*; to mistake now and then is only one of the incidents of our finite nature. But you will not, you do not always fail. Now and then you will be successful in stirring up some one called of God, whose subsequent usefulness will compensate and crown all your labors. In the counting-room, in the blacksmith-shop, by the carpenter's bench, in the school-house, or plowing in the field, you may find a gem of purest ray. Bring it forth. Polish it. Let its true beauty and worth be revealed. With divine luster it shall brighten and glow when, perhaps, you are in your grave. Ah! brethren, falter not. You may pick up many unsightly stones, rough and irregular; but if you shall succeed in picking up a single gem like this, and placing it, all flaming in its beauty, in the temple of your God, perhaps more will be accomplished by this than by all your life besides.

But you say again, "the conference is full." Suppose it is. What then? Will no more laborers be wanted? Is there to be no expansion of the work? Do not your preachers die? Why not, then, by a wise forecast, prepare for this enlargement of the work, and also for the filling up of the ranks as God sees fit to remove his workmen? It is most generally the case that when God has chosen an individual for some great work, that that individual is called to go through a preparatory discipline. Mark the discipline of Luther, of Melanethon, of Wesley, and of Hedding. So it is in all individual Christian experience. Our heavenly Father disciplines the heart for the trials and labors that await it. So also, we have no doubt, *God calls men to a preparation for the ministry!* How many young men are there now in the Church occupied as clerks, mechanics, or studying for the learned professions, who, if they obeyed the call of God, would be to-day preparing themselves for the work of the ministry! Think of this, ye men of God, who stand on the watch-towers of Zion! Ye who watch and pray for the coming of the Lord! Remem-

ber that our Savior would have *more laborers sent forth into the harvest.*

But look beyond the limits of your own conference. How many conferences there are that even now are calling for "more laborers!" What new fields might be occupied had they the men to occupy them! Then, too, beyond them, how broad the regions of heathenism, where darkness covers the land and gross darkness the people! O, my brother, where there is so much work to be done; where fields so wide—so desolate and yet so promising, are to be yet subdued and cultivated; where the Church is constantly enlarging her borders and multiplying the demands for labor; and, above all, where so many thousands, for whom Christ died, are perishing from lack of knowledge—never, O, never fail to let your efforts accompany—go before and follow after your petitions, when you pray "the Lord of the harvest that he will send forth more laborers into the harvest."

Stir up our people to help our young men who desire an education and can not well get it without such help. We must repeat here what we said in the Christian Advocate and Journal eighteen years ago; for the same facts exist now as then. Many young men, who are moved by the Holy Ghost to preach the Gospel, realizing the embarrassments they must labor under, if without such an education as is demanded by the general intelligence and refinement of society, they stand up to instruct the people, and at the same time seeing no way to acquire such an education, shrink back from doing their Master's will, and turn aside from the great work to which they had been called. They bring injury, if not death, upon their own souls; and their labors, which might have been blessed of God to the conversion of thousands, are lost to the Church. Where rests the responsibility of this failure? Had the young man been turned aside by the love of riches, of honor, or of ease, the responsibility and the judgment would have rested wholly upon himself. But it is not so. He was turned aside from the pressure of causes which he had no power to remove; but which the Church might have removed. Is there no responsibility, then, lying at her door in this matter? Can she neglect to cultivate the scion of promise; and then when it withers and droops through want of genial showers and reviving sunshine, can she wash her hands and say, "Verily no guilt attaches to me in this matter?" Is it not the duty of the Church which, under God, they are called to serve, to see that such have every necessary means afforded them for becoming workmen that need not be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth? We do not approve of extending indiscriminate aid; but there are cases in which it will be repaid a thousand-fold to the Church. Let such young men be searched out; let them be cheered by words of friendly encouragement; and let them, when it shall become necessary, receive material aid.

We have not yet done with this subject; but our space will not permit us to say more in this number. The matter before us, indeed, opens up the whole question of ministerial education, and that field must be somewhat widely surveyed. We shall endeavor to make that discussion practical and useful. It is a subject in which the Church has a deep interest.

## Editor's Table.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES with us are decidedly encouraging. Subscriptions are coming in as they never came before. The tide is rising. Our brethren all over the country are doing nobly. There is an earnestness of purpose, and a depth of sympathy in the very heart of the Church toward the Repository that is cheering indeed. It will require only a little more effort, a little more gleaning of the vintage and our forty thousand subscribers will be secured. Brethren—please not doubt us—we would really like to reach that forty thousand!

BLENNERHASSETT'S ISLAND.—Our engravings are of special interest this month. Blennerhassett's Island has historical associations that will live forever in the annals of our country.

JUDGE M'LEAN.—We are glad, too, to present so fine a portrait of one of the purest and noblest public men of the nation and the age. An incident connected with the selection of this particular likeness of the Judge is worthy of record. Two likenesses were before us. "That," said one who had a right to speak in the matter, "that presents him as the public man, the politician, the judge; this presents him as the Christian gentleman, therefore I prefer it." We think our readers will feel that the portrait before them answers to that idea. The Judge, though somewhat advanced in years, is hale and vigorous, promising many years of service to his country and his race.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—The following articles possess varying degrees of excellence, but none of them will hardly answer our purpose: "Evening," "The Rum-seller Greeted," "Let no one boast," "New-Year's Meditations," "Bring Your Household," "My First School," "Vanity of Human Grandeur," "Thought," "The Sea Shell's Story," "A Dream," "The Scene on Calvary," "The Whispers of an Angel Mother," "The Night is Dark and Dreary," "Dulcet Voices," "The Dead Child," "The Pure in Heart," "A Soliloquy," and "Fire on the Prairie." "The Scenes of our Parent Church," has some good points, but only the initials of the characters described are given, and thus the narrative loses much of its force.

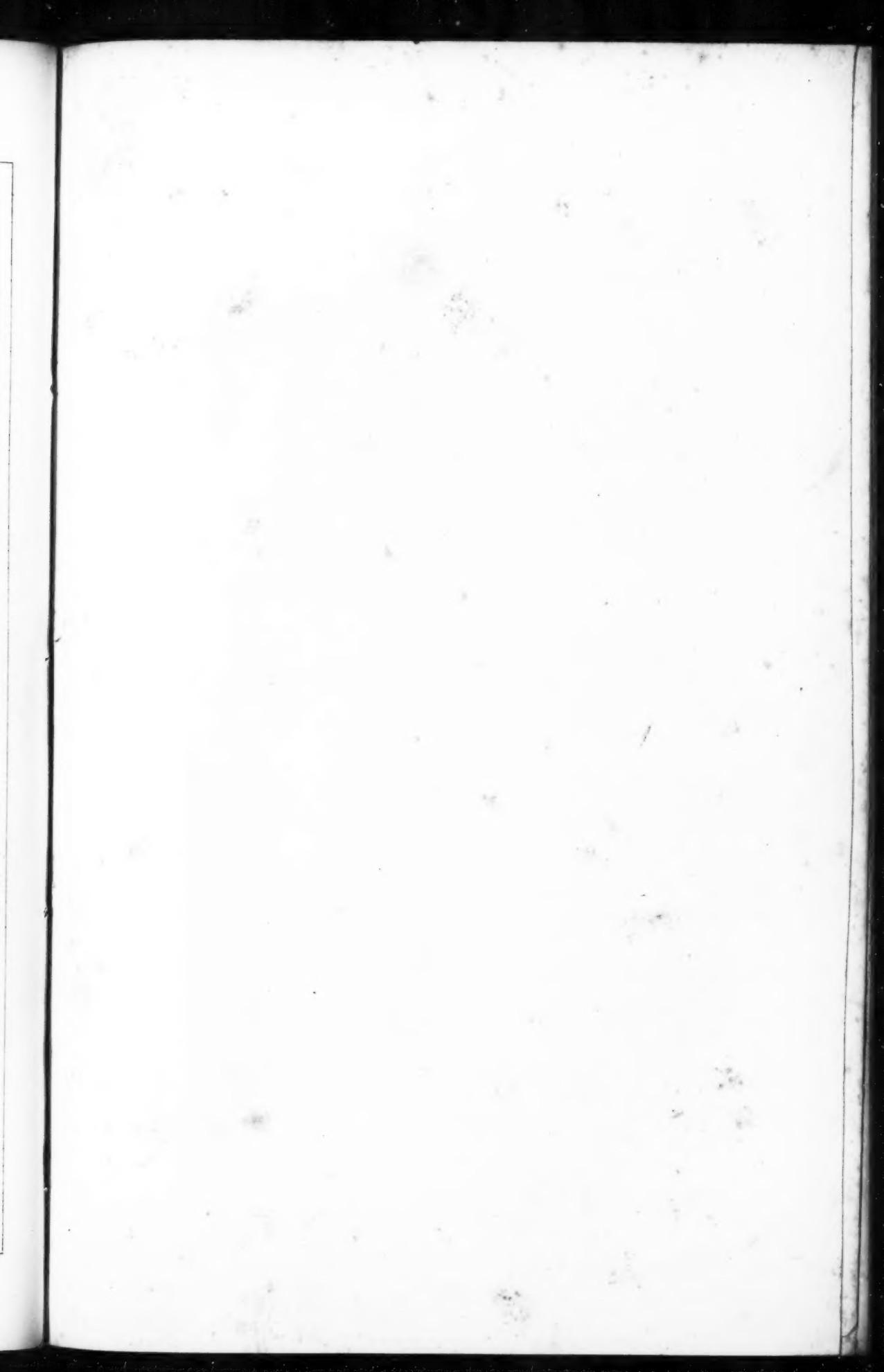
FICTIONAL SIGNATURES.—Not a few desire to have their real names suppressed and their articles appear under some favorite *nom de plume*. This is sometimes admissible, and we have no disposition to disturb the equanimity of some of our contributors to whose productions their assumed names have become passports to public favor. But we prefer, *greatly prefer*, in all ordinary cases, that the real name of the writer should accompany the article as its author. This is right and proper, and no false modesty should lead any one to hide away from this responsibility. As editor we have taken special interest in bringing forward young writers of rare promise. This is the

way to build up the literature of the Church. We should despise ourselves if we had any disposition to hide our contributors from the light, or to sink their individuality in either the editor or the magazine. It is one of the pleasing recollections of our editorial life that we have been instrumental in bringing forward several who have already acquired honorable distinction in literature. The supplying of a literary want is an ephemeral matter, the building up of the literature of the Church is a permanent work. We have deemed the latter of so much importance that we have never for one moment lost sight of it.

REPOSITORY AS A PREMIUM AT COUNTY FAIRS.—A few days since the Publishers received an order from H. W. Moody, Esq., of Columbus, Treasurer of the Franklin County Agricultural Society, for seventeen Repositories for the year 1859. They had been awarded as premiums to various ladies at the county fair. Why may not the officers directing the fairs in other counties follow this good example? What more appropriate premium for a lady than the Ladies' Repository? It is not unfrequently the case that pictures are awarded at such fairs of not half the artistic merit of those in our magazine. And of these, the person to whom the premium is awarded will receive twenty-five instead of one. We trust this hint will be acted upon largely the coming fall, especially in Ohio, Indiana, and Michigan, and, indeed, in all the states. Will our friends see to it?

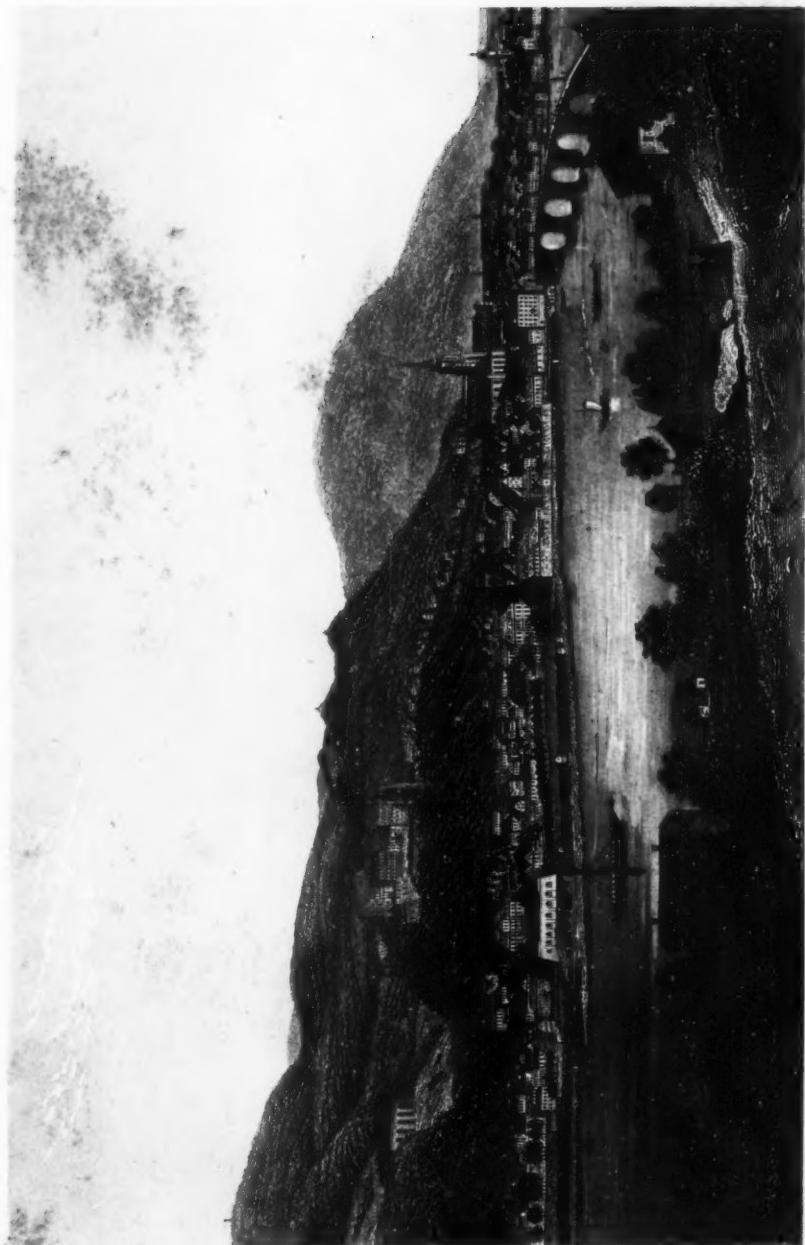
THE REPOSITORY FOR A NEW-YEAR'S GIFT.—Among a few items sent up from the Publishers Department we find the following letter from the old veteran hero of the west, Peter Cartwright. May he live a thousand years and his shadow never grow less! "Although I have been wronged out of money, still, I thank God, I have some means left, and I intend to try to do some little good with them. I have forty-one grandchildren and ten great grandchildren. Some of these grandchildren are married. It is impressed on my mind to make a New-Year's gift of the Ladies' Repository to ten of them—placing one copy in each family, so that all these fifty-one children that can read may have the benefit of this valuable monthly." Along with this was inclosed the cash for ten new subscribers. This is a suggestive idea to fathers and mothers who have sons and daughters married, and who may not yet have installed the Repository among their household divinities. The suggestion of a New-Year's present may be too late for effect the present year; but the present year will soon pass away and a new one will come in. Bear it in mind, Christian parents.

AN ITEM FROM THE COUNTING-ROOM.—Our subscriptions are coming in with a rush. The two heaviest day's business on the Repository this year amounts to 3,136 against 2,451, the heaviest days of last year. This is progress in the right direction.



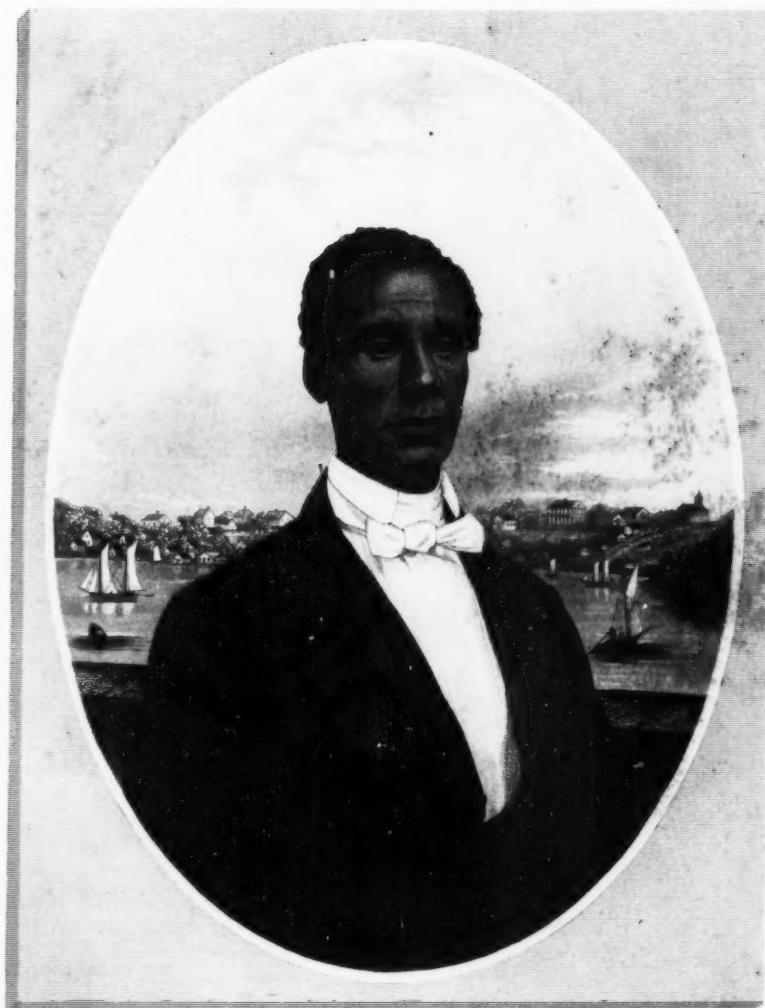
HEIDELBERG

Engaged expressly for the *British Museum*.









Engaged by J C Buttre from an Ambrotype by Brady

REV. FRANCIS BURNS.

MISSIONARY BISHOP OF THE M.E. CHURCH IN WESTERN AFRICA

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